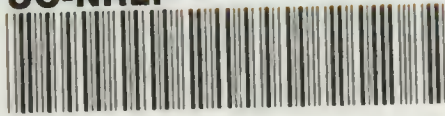
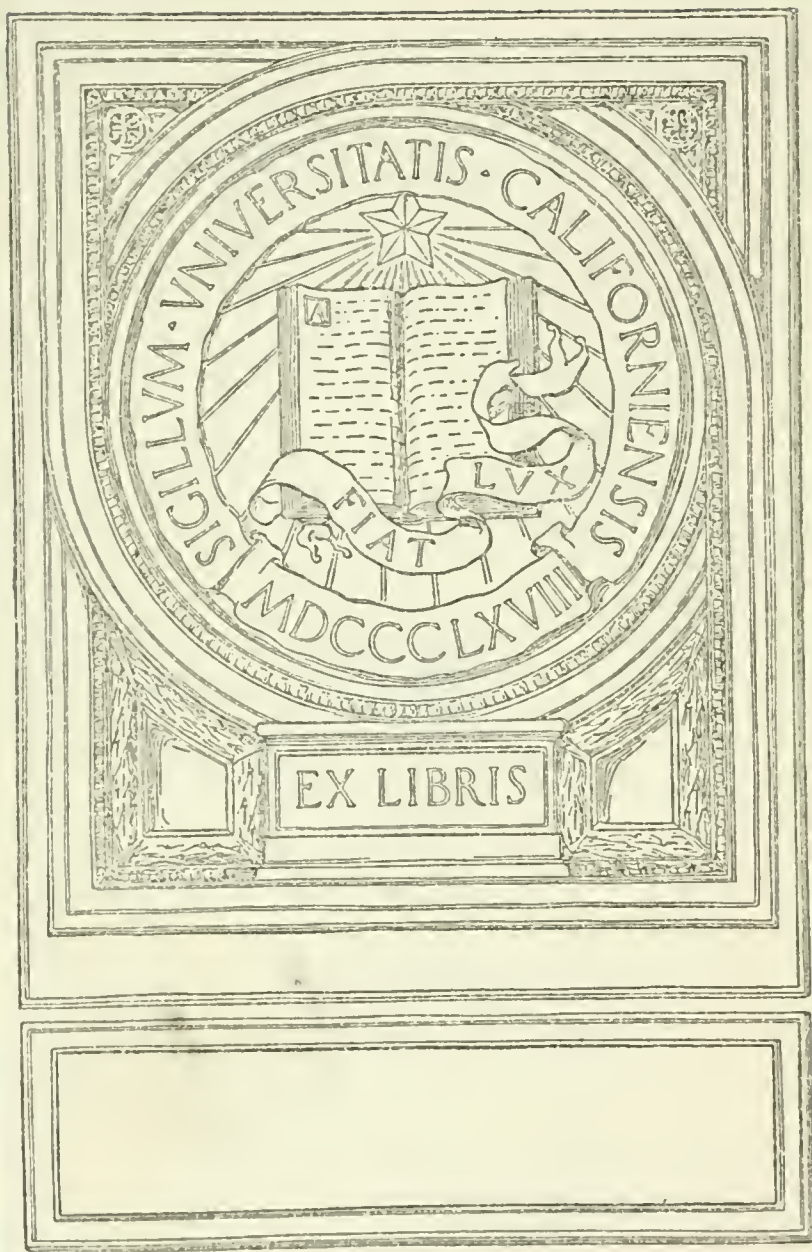


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MacTERNAN PRIZE ESSAYS,

No. I.

prós gaeòealaic.

IRISH PROSE,

BY

REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN,

PUBLISHED FOR

**The Society for the Preservation of the
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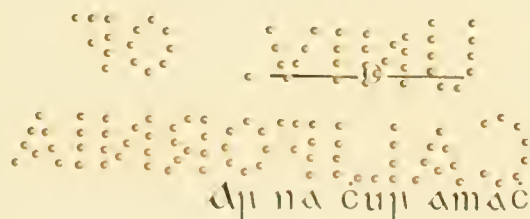
TRÁCTANNA
AR SON DUaise míc tígearnáin—I.

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Tráct 1 n-gaeòilg, maille le n-a airtmuigad
1 m-béarla, agus foclóir.

leir an
Àdair Ráthraig ua Duinnín.

uigear “Cormaic uí Conaill,” “Cille hÁine,” 7c.



Ar na cúir amác

oo

cumann buan-comheáda na gaeòilge.

1 m-baile-áda-cliač:

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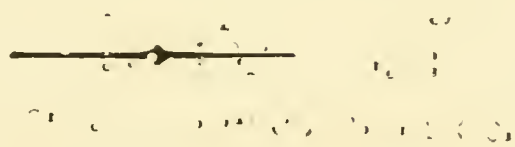
IRISH PROSE,

AN ESSAY IN IRISH WITH TRANSLATION IN
ENGLISH AND A VOCABULARY,

BY

REV. PATRICK DINNEEN,

Author of "CORMAC O'CONNELL," "KILLARNEY," &c.



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P R E F A C E .

THE following Essay on "Irish Prose" owes its existence to the generosity of Very Rev. Fr. Stephen MacTernan, P.P., who placed a hundred pounds in the hands of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, with a view to procuring two essays in Irish, dealing with the entire field of Irish literature. The vastness of the subject chosen, and the limitation as to the length of the Essay, made the task one of great difficulty. An adequate treatment of early Irish prose literature alone would require several volumes. A difficulty, too, which at first sight seemed insurmountable, arose from the entire absence in modern Irish of the technical terms which are the ordinary stock in trade of the literary historian and critic. But a beginning must be made in this direction, and aesthetic criticism must be cultivated in Irish, if that language is to make good its claim to be heard as a living speech amid the babel of European tongues. Indeed, there is no greater want at the present moment to the student of Irish, than a sound, sympathetic, literary appreciation of Irish literature, whether ancient or modern. No literature with which I am acquainted requires more exceptional treatment or more careful handling than

ours. Ancient Irish literature stands alone, at once the relic and record of a distinct, unique and isolated civilization. It would be uncritical to judge "The Bruidhen Da Derga," for instance, as one might judge the *Æneid*. It bears, indeed, marks of distinct kinship with the Plays of *Æschylus*; but it is far less important to dwell on its remote resemblances to the great classic masterpieces, than to study carefully and sympathetically the work itself. Modern Irish literature, both prose and verse is unique and isolated, and refuses to reveal its beauties to those who approach it with minds set in fixed grooves by the reading of modern European writers, and with a stock of conventional phrases drawn from manuals of literature.

A distinct and isolated literature connotes a distinct and isolated civilization, and a distinct and isolated race. We cannot study the characteristics of a race or civilization if we come to their literary monuments with a stock of pre-conceived conventionalities. Our literature must be taken as a whole, we must study its rise, development and decline. We must trace the marks of unmistakable indentities that it reveals at different periods, we must study it in the concrete, as it is the direct outcome of periods of peaceful prosperity or of religious enthusiasm, or again, of a national cataclysm of unexampled violence. Whether Irish literature, taken as a whole, is inferior, say, to German or Spanish literature taken as a whole, is a question that may interest the literary theorist, but it is a question, that to

CLÁR AN LEABHAIR.

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prós zaēðealac.

prós ðæðealað.

an ðeaðalt.

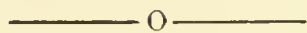
na sean-úir-sgealta i scoitciann.

Cialluigeann ppór, nó caint rguirca, i scoitciann, ðað aon traðar rguirinne ná fuil i meaðar. Do méir na bríos reo áirniúgtear oibneaca reanðar, ðeimealað, aður úrilaðra coitciann na noaoimeað i mearð oibneac ppóir. Aðt tá bríos eile leir an bfoaal ná tógann an méir rin ar fao irteað. Cialluigeann ré rguirinni nó oráio ceapuiúgte le gliocar lituiúgeaðta ir ná fuil fuinte i meaðar; aður do méir na bríos rain, ní áirniúgtear oibneaca tráðtar ar na méirteannaib, nó ar algebría, i mearð oibneac ppóir.

Ir léir guir féirir oðbair ppóir beir fuinte le gliocar móir lituiúgeaðta, aður ir veiminn ná fuil ó n-a lán ríobð aðt meaðar cum beir 'n-a laoirótið. Inir na haltaib reo leannar tráðtfaimíð, an cúir ir mó, ar an bppór lituiúgeaðta.

Ir mó-ðeacair an obair tráðt ar ppór ðæðealað, óir ir mó-ðeacair teaðt ar an méir atá le faðbáil ve. Tá an cúir ir mó do rguirinnib ðæðealaða ðan cur i ðcloð fóir. Tá ríao rðairiúgte inir na leabairlánnaið

IRISH PROSE.



CHAPTER I.



THE OLD ROMANCES IN GENERAL.

Prose, or “unbound” language, signifies in general every kind of writing that is not in metre. According to this signification, works of history and genealogy, and the common speech of the people are reckoned as prose. But there is another signification of the word that does not extend it to all these. It signifies writing or discourse conceived with literary skill, and which is not composed in metre; and according to this meaning, works treating of the stars, or of algebra, are not reckoned amongst prose works.

It is plain that a prose work may be composed with high literary skill, and, indeed, several such works only want metre to make them poems. In these chapters we shall treat chiefly of literary prose.

It is very difficult to treat of Irish prose, as it is no easy matter to reach what is extant of it. The greater part of Irish writings is yet unpublished. They are scattered throughout the great libraries of Europe, and

μόρια αἱ φυαῖο na h-Εορπα, αἷυρ τὰ ὑμῖοι τὰ βφυῖλ ἰ
 γκλοῦ οῖοβ ἰ n-ιμυλεαβριαῖβ nά βιονn α τταῖρτεαλ αἱ
 na τασοιμβ ἰ γκοιτῶιανn, ἀττ ἀμῖαν αἱ an αορ φοḡlumῑα.
 Nί hέ ριν ἀμῖαν, ἀττ τὰ an ριόρ λιτμḡεαῑττα ceῖλτε,
 ρολμḡῑτε inρ na leaβριαῖβ λάm-ρḡρῖοβῑττα ρέin, ἰ τρῖeo
 ϑυρ τεαααῖρ ιαο το ρολάτταῖρ, an ραῖο ατά cρῖοmῖcῖoe
 γεmeαλαῖḡ, ιρ α leῖτῑcῖoῖoe inρ ḡαῑ αon βαλλ. 1ρ ρῖορ,
 leῖρ, ϑυρ ῑυḡ na ρcolάῖμῖoe ḡaeῑeαλαῑα α bρρῖοmῖ-αιpe
 το'η ρῖορ το ῑραοβ-ρḡαοῖλpeαῑ na cρῖαῑ-ῑocαῖλ ḡaeῑ-
 eαλαῑα ατά le ραḡβῑάῖλ inρ na ρean-leaβριαῖβ, νό το
 ῑαβapῑαῑ eοlar οῖumῖn αἱ νόpαῖβ αἱ ρῖnρeαῖρ, νό το
 μῑéῑoteoῑαῑ ḡαῑ cρῖαῑῑ-ῑeῖρτ οῑῖρ ρeanῑαῖρ, νό το ῑαβapῑ-
 paῑ cunnῑταρ cῖnnῑe αἱ ρean-ῖοpαῖβ ιρ αἱ ρean-ῑoῑ-
 μαῑαῖβ na τῖpe, ιρ ϑυρ ρéanaῑαῖρ na hῖῖρ-ρḡéαλτα, na
 τῑmῖoe ιρ ḡαῑ τῖῑῑῑt eῖle α bῖ ρῖnnῑe le ḡῖῖocαρ λι-
 μḡeαῑττα. Uῖme ρῖn αῑéαῖρpaῑῑ an leῖḡῑteoῖρ neamῖ-
 ῑuḡρeanaῑ, αἱ leῖḡeαῑ na leaβap ρain, ϑυρ b'ῖῖn é an
 ρaḡαρ λιτμḡeαῑττα bῖ αἱ ραο αḡamῖn, αἷυρ αḡ buαλαῑ α
 λάῖme αἱ an “Ḓῖomῖcum Scotóρum,” ο'ῑῖapῑῖoῑaῑ ρé
 οῖoῑ: “An é ρῖn an ρaḡαρ λιτμḡeαῑττα ατά le ταιp-
 beánaῑ ἰ nḡaeῑῖλḡ αḡαῖβ? Mά'ρ é, nί ρῖu é ο'ῑoḡῖum
 nά οῖαῑ αἱ bῖῑ ο'ῑaḡbῑáῖλ uαῑῑ.”

Τὰ ρῖορ μαῖ an “Ḓῖomῖcum Scotóρum” inρ ḡαῑ αon
 τεanḡam 'ῑan Εορμρ, cῖoῑ naῑ ceapῑ ρῖορ λιτμḡeαῑττα
 το ḡῖaοῑαῑ αῖρ, ταοβ le ταοβ le ρḡéαλταῖβ ιρ ρτῑῑῑαῖβ
 λán το bῖeάḡῑaῑῑ ιρ ο'ῖoῖmῑáḡeαῑῑ, ιρ cῖpῑα le ῑéῖle ḡo
 bῖῖoḡmῖαρ, ḡapῑa, ρῖaῖmeantaῖmῖαῖλ. 'N-a ῑeannῑa ρain
 ιρ maῖῑ an cῖmῑapῑa αἱ αἱ λιτμḡeαῑῑ ḡo βφυῖλ cunnῑταρ

the greater part of those pieces that have been published is confined to magazines, not within the reach of the people in general, but only of the learned. Nay, further, the prose pieces of literary value are stowed away and concealed even in the manuscripts, so that it is difficult to find them, while chronicles and genealogies and the like are to be found everywhere. It is true, moreover, that Irish scholars gave their first attention to prose works that would serve to elucidate the difficult Irish words that are to be found in the old books, or that would throw light for us on the customs of our ancestors, or that would unravel the vexed problems of our history, or that would give an exact account of the ancient forts and ruins of the country, and that they avoided the romances, the accounts of cattle spoils and the other tracts that were composed with literary skill. For this reason the unskilled reader, on reading their works, would imagine that we had no other kind of literature but this, and he might ask you, placing his hand on "The *Chronicum Scotorum*," "Is this the only sort of literature that you have to show in Irish? If it be, then, it is not worth studying or being at all concerned about."

There is prose like "*The Chronicum Scotorum*," though we should not call it literary prose, in every language in Europe, side by side with tales and tracts full of beauty and imaginativeness, and composed with skill, force, and spirit. Besides, it is a good sign of our literature that we have an account of our ancestors as

com cinnnte ar ar rinneadh aghann ir tá le léigead
 'ran "Cronicum Scotórum," 'ran "Leabhar Gabála,"
 ir i n-a leictéirib. Dearbair leabhair dá fad ar go
 maib na daoine táinig iomáinn clirte cum gac níó do
 bain le n-a noutcar do rghúrad. Tuair na leabhair
 reo, leir, a lán feara úinn ar neitib bainear le n-ar
 litrigheact, bíó do nac litrigheact iao féin.

Act ní fágann ran gan litrigheact rinne, agus táir
 rcoláirí na heoirpa anoir as luaó ar sean-litrig-
 heacta, agus 'gá má do ná fuil a leictéir dá haor le
 fagbáil 'ran doimn.

Ir mian linn-ne, 'ran trlighio atá ceapuirge úinn,
 tuairirge éigin do tabairt ar an bpiór gaeoelac, act
 ní féidir úinn é go léir do rghúrad, ir dá bpió rin
 níl aghann act foillirigad éigin do déanam ar an
 gcuir ir feara de, ir iairiad ar an léigheoir é do
 léigead do féin.

Ir iao cáilíre coitciana an trean-piór gaeoelac
 ná neart ir fadóirheact iomáigheacta, daicmíact foill-
 righe ir ceapact máirte. Triactair a lán dáir sean-
 rgealtair ar neart oirioheacta; mar déanam an
 oirioheact déite do daomib, ir cuireann maire ir
 fuinneam ir óige ar sean-daomib ciona, foirbte,
 fanna; mar déanam nioš-biug aolmair, fairirig, iol-
 biaóac, i n-a mbíó mná uairle, rpeiríamla as ól ir
 as doirnear i reomairí deiríac, do boctáin óirca
 deatrig. Act ir geall le oirioheact féin maire ir
 áilne na n-uir-rgeal ro i fadóirheact, i mbuairí
 bpióiríam, ir i n-iomáigheact. As léigead na n-éact

exact as that which may be read in “The Chronicum Scotorum,” in “The Book of Invasions” and such like. Such books prove that the people who came before us were skilled in investigating all things relating to their country. Besides, these books though not themselves literature, give us much information pertaining to our literature.

But we are not, on that account, without a literature, and the scholars of Europe are at present drawing attention to our ancient literature, and proclaiming that, for the age in which it was written, it has no equal in the world.

We propose in the space assigned to us to give some account of Irish prose, but we cannot investigate the whole of it, and therefore, it only remains for us to give some description of the best portion of it, and to beg the reader peruse it for himself.

The common characteristics of early Irish prose are wealth of imagery, brilliancy of description and propriety of expression. Many of our old authors describe the power of wizardry; how it transforms men into gods and imparts beauty and vigour and youth to weak, withered, and feeble old age; how it converts a dark, smoky cabin into a royal mansion, bright, spacious, rich in viands, where fair, noble dames drink and enjoy themselves in halls of airiness. But the beauty and splendour of these romances, their richness of forceful language, and their imagery act like magic itself. As we read these wondrous events we are treading

ro dúinn, is é fós cuimh na hÉireann atá fá n-ai
 gcoraib. Glaise an féin, cuimhacht na gcoraib is na
 uctor, an t-aeir ciúin, cnearta, roghaí, an cnocán,
 an fánao, an bán rocair, mío-ghlar, na móinféin breágha,
 bláthmaria, an éaire meir, binn-ghlóia — cuimh rin
 uile i n-uimh dúinn go bfuilmio as riubal ar bántaib
 míne méiré Cille Dara, nó na Míre, nó i gcomhghaacht
 do Baile-Átha-Chia, mar a bfeicimio na boirb-thonnta
 dá luargao ríoríaróe le gaotaib, nó le hair Eamain
 Macla, nó timcheall Éiruacla Meróe.

Ní gan eolar, leir, atáimio ar na fearaib is ar na
 mnáib do buaileann iomann inr na n-úir-rghéaltai reo
 — rin crioða, cuimha, áir-meannmacla, fearghacla, ullamha
 cum maiteacla do déanam do namair; mná áilne,
 maireamla, foilbhir, gheannmairia, lán-abairóe. Imeargh
 na cuideacla rin, is léir dúinn go bfuilmio ar fós na
 hÉireann, agus i bfoclair ar nuaimeao tíreamail
 féin. Acl ní hionnann an tpeo atá oirca inr na rghéaltai
 is tá i n-u. Do hoileao na rin reo le clearaib
 fiaóai ghur do cleaclaí anró is cuimhítan bhuighe
 is comhairgaí. Mairio úmíóir dá raogal fá óion na
 rphéir. Bíonn ríao as cúiríal na gcoillteao, luigíao
 ríor ar bhuaclaib glara na n-abann. Téio ríao as
 reilgh ar leirigh Cláir Luirc, is cluicíao an fiaó is an
 faolcú, is ní le gaóaraib ná le ceoltaib tpiompáiróe, acl
 le mair a gcor. Ní gan rghiacl is ga a bíao i gcomhnuiróe,
 is bíonn foitíom cacla ríoríaróe le héirteacl 'n-a
 uctimcheall.

Is tapairó lúitmar iao na mná leir, agus ní as baile

on the fragrant Irish sward. The verdure of the grass, the fragrance of the boughs and of the shrubs, the calm, pleasant delightful air, the hillock, the slope, the level, verdant pasture, the beautiful, blooming meadows, the rapid, sweet-sounding stream, all these remind us that we are treading the smooth, level plains of Kildare or of Meath, or in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where we behold the fierce waves ever a-rocking by the force of winds, or beside Eamhain Macha or round Cruachan of Maev.

Nor are we unacquainted with the men and women we meet in these romances—brave men, strong, highspirited, wrathful, ready to forgive an enemy; beautiful, splendid women, cheerful, merry, vivacious. In such a company, we perceive we stand on Irish soil and with our own countrymen. But the state of the people in these romances is different from that of the people of to-day. These men were bred to be proficient in the chase and they habituated themselves to the difficulty and hardships of war and conflicts. They live the greater part of their lives in the open air, they range the woods, they lay them down on the green margins of the rivers. They hunt on the plains of Clár Luirc, and they chase the deer and wolf, not with dogs and the music of trumpets, but with their fleetness of foot. They are never without shield and spear, and the din of battle is ever heard around them.

The women, too, are active and vigorous, and they

ḡanann pīaθ. Ní ḡan pīoθaíðe ír pīól bīeać a bīonnn
pīaθ, aćt ír mó aćá a nōóćar ar lapairi a ḡclaon-pīorḡ
ná ar éaθaíḡib pēapīlaća cum cīorōte na bīaθuīḡte
pēo θo ílaθaθ. Aćá θeīpīr eile íorī na θaoínib pēo ír
ar nōaoínib pēín. Tά an tír i n-a ḡcomnnuīḡio neam-
pīleaθać. Ní amáin ná pūil eaḡla orīća pīoin amapaib
na n-eaćtīann, aćt beīpūo ar uairīb a ḡcuio pēīpḡe ar
θeīpḡ-ḡīućaθ tīearna na mapā ḡo pīléibtib ír θaínḡnib
Alban. θo bí, pór, a n-úpīlaθīa pēín aca, ír nīorī ḡabāθ
óóib beīć aḡ bīuotaīpēaćt i mḡéapīla a namāo.

Aćt cuīpīteaī aćarīpūḡaθ íonḡantać ar na neītib pēo
ḡo léīr le θīaoíðeaćt ó'n uḡθarī. Aćarīpūḡeann pī na
pīr ír na mná pō, ír θéanan pī laoćīa ír bain-tīḡearī-
naíḡe, nó θéíte ír bain-θéíte óíob. Ní le híomáíḡeaćt
pocal θéantaī an t-aćarīpūḡaθ pāin, aćt le neapīc pōill-
pīḡte íonḡantaiḡ i n-a ḡcuīpīteaī ḡeapa ar an θōmān ar
pāo cum θūil i ḡcomóītar leo i θtīéine ír i léīr-māīpē.
Tά ḡać éaćt, ḡać tuīpār, ḡać cīpēać, ḡać tóīr, aćarīpūḡte
le cumār θīaoíðeaćta an uḡθarī. Tuḡaio na ḡaīpḡíorīḡ
cuapīc móī-θtīmćeall na ḡcoīllteaθ cōm héapcaíθ,
abaíθ leīr na pīaθaib, ír θūīpīḡio pūíθ ar a bīpāl-
tīḡtib, ír beīpūo orīća pūil a pūíθ i bīpāo. Ír ápō, θać-
amāīl, māīpēamāīl íaθ na cuīpaíθ pēo; cuīpūo pīmaćt ar
aćaćaib, ír pūapḡlaio māīḡθeana bīonnn i nōaoī-bīpūio.
Ír cōpīmaīl le pōćpōm na pīoīpīme 'pān nḡemīpēaθ
cōmīḡteać pūam a nḡa aḡ ḡabáīl ar a céīle. Tά a
líūpī caća cōm pīaθān le ḡlōī na pūaθ-ćonnn māī

do not stay at home. They are not without silks and speckled satin, but they trust more to the light of their fascinating eyes than to pearly robes, to win the hearts of the hunters. There is another difference between these people and those of our own day. The country in which they live is independent. Not only are they not afraid of the attacks of foreigners, but they sometimes go across the sea in seething wrath, to the mountains and fastnesses of Alba. They possessed, moreover, their native speech, and they had no need to stammer in the dialect of their enemy.

But all these things undergo a wonderful transformation, through the magic power of the author. That magic power changes those men and women into heroes and noble ladies, or into gods and goddesses. It is not by imaginativeness of language that this transformation is wrought, but by means of wonderful description, in which the whole world is pressed into service to furnish comparison for them in valour and in beauty. Every great deed, every journey, every spoil, every pursuit becomes transfigured by the author's magic charm. The heroes range over the woods as swiftly, as vigorously as the wild-deer; these they awaken from their dens, and catch before they have run long. These warriors are tall, handsome, beautiful; they subdue giants, and release maidens who are kept in captivity. Like to the noise of the storm in the wild winter is the noise of their spears, as they crash against one another. Their battle cry is as wild as the roar of the angry

[illegible]

Μά τά θεαίμαθ οριτ ι σταοβ δονταάτ ιρ ιονναναάτ ι
 ια λιτμυζαάτ ι ζαεθεαλαιζε ι η-ιουμάιζεαάτ ιρ ι ηθατ-
 αμλαάτ ιονημιαίζ ό τύιρ ζο θειμεαθ, κυιι ι ζκομόμταρ ια
 ηύιι-ιγέαλτα ιρ ιιιη ατά αζαιιιι λειρ ια ηαμμάναιβ το
 κύμαθ 'ραν ηημμαιι 'ραν τ-οάτμιαθ ηαοιρ θεαζ. Τόζ μαρ
 βυιι κομόμταρ μαρτε ιρ ύιι-βμιαάζταάτ βαν. Ιρ κινντε
 ηάμ λείζεαοαρ φιλιθε ια ημμιαι μαιι “Τόζάιλ βμυιθε
 Όά Όειρζα,” ηά “Τάιι Όό Κυαιλζηη,” ηά φόρ “Τοά-
 μαρτε Εμμυ,” αάτ 'η-α ταοβ ιαιι ιρ ιονναι ηάκ μόμ αν
 μοθ φοιλλιρζτε ατά λε φαζβάιλ 'ρνα η-ύιι-ιγέαλταιβ ρεο
 αζυρ ι η-αμμάναιβ αοθαζάιι υί Ραάαιλλε ιρ Εοζάιι
 Ρυαιθ υί Σύιλλεαβάιι. Ηί ηεαθ αμáιι ζο βμυιλ θεαλλ-
 μαιι λε άείλε αα μαρ α βμυιζφά ιοιι ιτάμταιβ αοιβιιιη,
 κιοθ ζο μβεαθ α η-υζοαρι ιάμυ-θειζιλτε ό η-α άείλε, αάτ
 αμμφο ιρ ιονναι ια ιμμυαιιτε ιρ αν μοθ φοιλλιρζτε, ιρ
 ιονναι α η-ιουμάιζεαάτ άλαινι αζ τμáάτ ταμ μαιρ
 ηάούμτα ιρ θαοιιια, ιρ ζο κινντε αζ κυι ιόορ αμ λείμ-
 μαιρ βαν.

waves as they break without ceasing on Inis Dairbhre. Like to a kindling fire excited by fierce winds, is their rage on the day of vengeance. Their ranks of battle were not formed according to the military tactics in vogue at the present day. They did not practice straight, steady shooting from a hiding place, but they stood together in the face of the enemy, as live, quick, human walls. Heroes were they, as strong, as high-spirited as the champions of Troy ; heroes, whose valour and daring are unsurpassed in story or romance.

If you be in doubt as to the unity and indentivity of Irish literature in imaginativeness and brilliancy of colouring from first to last, compare the oldest romances we possess, with the songs which were composed in Munster in the eighteenth century. Take as the basis of comparison, the beauty and loveliness of woman. It is certain that the Munster poets never read "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," or "The Cattle Spoils of Cooley," or yet "The Wooing of Emir," nevertheless, the style of description to be found in these romances is almost indentical with that to be found in the songs of Egan O'Rahilly and Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan. It is not merely that they resemble one another, as beautiful passages might do, whose authors lived widely apart from one another, but here the thoughts and the style of description are the same, the splendid imaginativeness in describing natural or human beauty, and especially in describing the comeliness of woman, is also the same.

1ᵝ ṽóíḡ linn-ne ḡur ḡíorua ṽá céile 1 moṽ foill-
 riḡte, aṽiáin eoḡam Ruarṽ aḡur úir-ḡéalta maṽ
 “ṽóḡáil Ḃuirṽne ṽá ṽeṽḡa,” ná a Ḃfuir nuarṽ 1ᵝ áṽṽa
 ṽ’aon liriḡeaḡt eile ’ṽan eoṽur—ná Shellṽ aḡur
 Ḃeoulṽ, ná ḡoethe aḡur an Nibelungenlieṽ. Áḡt
 curṽ 1 ḡcunṽne ḡo Ḃfuir foillriḡarṽ ionḡantaḡ na ṽean-
 uḡṽar 1ṽ leacurḡte 1 n-úir-ḡéaltaṽ ṽarṽ, ṽeaḡ-ṽuinte,
 ṽeaḡ-ḡúmṽta, táṽte 1 Ḃṽiṽr 1ṽ-ḡṽeannṽta. Áḡt ’ṽan
 t-oḡṽarṽ haṽir ṽeaḡ, aḡur timḡeall na haṽirṽe 1ṽ, ṽo
 Ḃ’éḡin coḡall ṽiriṽeaḡta ṽo curṽ ar uḡṽar, 1ᵝ a aḡṽeaṽ
 ṽo ḡṽiṽriḡarṽ le ṽian-ṽeiriḡ ṽántaṽail 1ṽl a Ḃṽiḡṽeá
 an foillriḡarṽ céarṽna uarṽ. Ḃ’éḡin a ṽeabairṽ ṽo curṽ
 ar leiṽ-ṽeiriḡe le curṽarṽ nó ḡṽarṽ nó éarṽ nó foṽmaṽ.
 Ní ḡan 1ṽoṽmṽṽ ṽiarṽane ṽiriṽeaḡta ṽo liriḡeann a
 aḡṽeaṽ ar ṽaḡṽnaṽ ar 1ṽiṽ-ṽairṽ náṽúṽta nó ṽaonna.
 ṽo 1ḡṽiṽṽ an ṽean-uḡṽar 1 Ḃṽiṽr 1ṽoairṽ, curṽ, ṽaṽiṽṽa,
 áḡt Ḃ’ṽiriṽeaḡt an 1ṽiṽr 1ṽin, curṽ ná 1ṽiṽ 1ṽe ṽuinte
 1 ṽeabairṽ. ṽo ṽairṽ 1ṽ 1 n-aṽirṽ 1ṽoairṽ, curṽarṽta, aḡur
 ṽo Ḃí Ḃarṽ aḡe le Ḃṽeáḡṽaḡt. Ḃ’é 1ṽiṽr a úṽlaḂṽia
 náṽúṽta, aḡur 1ᵝ 1arṽ cáliṽe an 1ṽiṽr 1ṽin ná neairṽ,
 1ṽoṽriḡeaḡt 1ᵝ leiṽ-iṽṽaḡḡeaḡt.

Má’ṽ ṽian linn an t-aḡṽeaṽ ḡaeṽealaḡ ṽ’ṽeiriṽint
 ’n-a 1ṽiḡiṽ náṽúṽta 1ṽin, ḡan curṽ 1ṽteaḡ airṽ le 1ṽaḡṽ
 tarṽ 1ṽiriḡe, ní 1ṽláirṽ ṽúinn an ṽean-1ṽiṽr ḡaeṽealaḡ
 ṽo leiḡeaṽ. ṽo ṽairṽ na luḡṽairṽ ṽo Ḃí aḡaṽn le
 ṽeiriṽeanaḡe 1 n-aṽirṽ Ḃuarṽeairṽta; ní 1ṽiṽ 1ṽe ṽ’ṽonn
 orṽta 1ḡṽiṽṽarṽ 1 n-aon-ḡorṽ ḡur ṽillearṽ an t-anam aca
 le Ḃiṽn 1ᵝ le Ḃuille, 1ᵝ ḡur larṽ 1ṽeiriḡ a ḡeiriṽṽe, aḡur 1

It seems to us that the songs of Eoghan Ruadh and romances like “The Destruction of Da Derga’s Hostel,” approach nearer to one another in description than what is ancient and modern in any other European literature, than Shelley and Boewulf, than Goethe and the Nibelungenlied. We must bear in mind, however, that these wonderful descriptions of the ancient authors are embedded in long, shapely, well-constructed romances, written in splendid prose, while in the eighteenth century and about that time, it was necessary to rouse an author to poetical enthusiasm, and to excite his mind with the frenzy of song, before he could be got to produce similar descriptions. His soul must be first touched with grief or love, jealousy or envey. Not without the wild rush of a poetical storm does his mind contemplate natural and human loveliness. The ancient author wrote in calm, steady, majestic prose, but that prose was poetry, though not composed in metre. He lived in a calm, refined age, and he had an affection for beauty. Prose was the natural vehicle of his thoughts, and the characteristics of that prose are strength, sobriety and imaginativeness.

If we desire to see the Irish mind in its own congenial state without its being influenced by foreign oppression, let us read ancient Irish prose. Our recent authors lived in troubled times, they had no inclination to write at all, till their souls were crushed with grief and frenzy, and till indignation lit up their hearts, and in their

n-a λαιοῖτιβ—cioḥ nári cūmniḡeasari oriṭa—ατά cáilirḡe na rean-uḡsari ḡo foiléiri le feicirint. Caiṭrimíḡo an ion-nanaḡt ríoririarḡe rin na rean-litruḡeaḡta ir na nuarḡ-litruḡeaḡta vo cūisrinṭ ḡo rió-ḡléinearḡ, má'r mian linn bpeirṭ cōmṭiom vo ṭabairṭ ar ar litruḡeaḡt ḡo léiri, ir í vo meḡarḡo i n-aḡarḡo litruḡeaḡta na heoripa ir an voimān i ḡcoirṭciann. Ir le conḡnam ó'nnuarḡ-litruḡeaḡt ḡup fériuri vūinn cpaobṛḡasilearḡ éisrin oipeamḡarḡ vo cūri ar úiri-rḡéalṭarḡ na rean-uḡsari. Míniḡeann an tpean-litruḡeaḡt a lán vā bṛuil neamḡ-ḡnāṭarḡ, vo-cūisṛe i n-amḡiānarḡ ir i noāntarḡ na hoḡtimarḡ haoire vēarḡ. Ní hearḡ nári orḡarḡl an litruḡeaḡt ḡaeḡealarḡ í fēin amarḡ, ir ná vearḡarḡo rí i bṛeabar ir i noéine ir i nḡéiri, arṭ ḡuparḡb é an raḡar feabairṭ cīoc-parḡ ar ṭriēan-aḡsnearḡ ṭriéṭeamarḡl le neairṭ buarḡearḡṭa ir léiri-buile.

Níori b'féiriuri linn cunnṭar ceairṭ vo ṭabairṭ ar riarḡbpearḡt focal ir ar mōḡ lonnḡarḡ foilḡriḡṭe Eoḡan Ruarḡo ir Míic Óomḡarḡll, ir fīlirḡe na haoire rin, muna mbearḡo riuri lāimḡarḡ arḡainn le léiḡearḡ, “Tóḡarḡl bṛuirḡone vā vepṛa,” “Ṭāin bó Cuairḡsne,” “Toemairṭ Emiri,” “Caṭ Ruir na Ríḡ,” 7c. Ó amiriuri an úiri-rḡéirḡ, “Tóḡarḡl bṛuirḡone vā vepṛa,” ḡo haimiriuri Eoḡan Ruarḡo, ní'l amḡarḡ ná ḡo riarḡb ṭriarḡt i n-arḡ cūarḡo ar litruḡeaḡt i n-olcar, arṭ níori arṭarḡmḡiḡ rí mām a cṛuṭ, arḡur arḡa rí 'n-arḡ mearḡḡ le vériēanarḡiḡe níor riarḡbpe ir níor lonnḡarḡiḡe 'ná mām.

poems, the characteristics of the ancient authors—though they were unconscious of them—are plainly to be seen. We must understand clearly this continuous identity of our ancient and modern literature, if we desire to form a just estimate of our literature as a whole, and to weigh it against the literature of Europe and of the world at large. It is by assistance from the modern literature that we are enabled to offer some suitable explanation of the romances of the ancient authors. The old literature explains much that is strange and hard to account for in the songs and poems of the eighteenth century. It is not that there has not been a development in Irish literature and that it has not advanced on the lines of intensity and acuteness, but the advancement is that of a strong, gifted mind through the influence of trouble and frenzy.

We could not satisfactorily account for the wealth of language, and the brilliant descriptive style of Eoghan Ruadh and Mac Donnell, and of the poets of that time, had we not at hand to read “The Taking of Da Derga’s Hostel,” “The Cattle Spoil of Cooley,” “The wooing of Emir,” “The Battle of Ros na Righ,” &c. From the age of Eoghan Ruadh, it is certain that there was a time in which our literature fell away, but it never changed its essential features, and it is with us in modern times, richer and more brilliant than ever.

an dara halt.

τόζαίλ bruiòne dā derga.

Leabhamar tuar ar “Tózbáil Buiòne Dā Derga,” agus tubhamar gu b’ionnann a m’oð foillrighte agus m’oð foillrighte na n-aihmán do cumadh i nÉirinn tá céad go leith bliadhán ó shin. Iy mian linn annso tuairmyz éigin do tabairt ar an úir-rigéal gheannata ro atá curta amach le déireanaige ‘ran *Revue Celtique*, iy airtmyzhte i mBéarla le uitlei Stócer. Bameann an t-eachtia ro le húir-rigéaltaibh Con Culainn iy “Táine bó Cuailgne.” Ach tá fé veigilte ó’n gcuid eile doir na rigéaltaibh ro. Atá fé leir féin fá leith, agus ní’l dearmad gu áirra an t-úir-rigéal é. Fagtar i “Leabhar na hUíre” é, leabhar do rigníobadh ‘ran t-aonmhad haoir déag, agus i “Leabhar Buíde Lecan,” agus cuir do annso iy annsó i leabhair eile. Ach iy ueninn gu cumadh an rigéal i b’ad mion ainmyi an leabhair iy áirraige oíob ro.

Triachtann fé ar milleadh Conaige m’óir mic Eatair-rceoir i mBuiòim Dā Derga. Áir-rí na hÉirianne do b’adh Conaige le n-a linn, iy ní maib a leithéir do míz maib mionne i tEamhair, iy do oíbir fé commyzear iy eadmann iy léir-goir ar an tír ar fas. Ach o’éirighe-eadar a com-daltairde ‘n-a comuibh, iy o’adontuigeadar le hhirigéal, ó b’eadann, milleadh do déanam ar oíuir

CHAPTER II.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DA DERGA'S HOSTEL.

We spoke above of "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," and we said that its style of description was the same as that to be found in the songs composed in Ireland one hundred and fifty years ago. We purpose here to give some account of this splendid romance, which has just been published in the *Revue Celtique*, with a translation into English, by Whitley Stokes. This story belongs to the romances relating to Cuchulainn and "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," but it is widely different from the other stories and stands alone. There is no doubt that it is a romance of high antiquity. It is to be found in "The Book of Dun Cow," a book which was written in the eleventh century, also in "The Yellow Book of Lecan," and portions of it here and there throughout other books. But it is certain that the tale was composed long before the date of the oldest of these books.

It describes the destruction of Conaire the Great, son of Etarsceil in the Hostel of Da Derga. Conaire was overking of Erin in his time, and so great a king never reigned before him in Tara; he banished contention and strife and plunder from all the land. But his foster-brothers rose up against him, and they formed an agreement with Insgéal from Britain, that they

i n-Albain, iḡ annrain i n-Éirenn. 'Nuairí do bíodair aḡ teacḡt go talaim na hÉireann, do bí Conaire aḡ riubál le n-a buiríon le hair baile áta Cliaḡ, aḡur aḡ déanaim air búiríon Dá Deirga, ní Laiḡeann. Airiḡis an dá buiríon fuaim iḡ foḡiom a céile, iḡ aicniḡis gan mearbáil sup b'íon í fuaim a namas. Ba hionḡantaḡ é ḡabáil iḡ tóḡbáil Conaire, iḡ ní maib ré acḡt i n-a "ḡiola óḡ amulchach" nuairí do rocuirḡeasó 'n-a níḡ i oḡeairí é, acḡt do cuirḡeasó ḡeara trioma, oainḡeana air, i ḡcár náir b'fuirirte oó oul ó éubairt iḡ ó léirí-milleasó. Ir ias ro na ḡeara do cuirḡeasó air:

"Ni thuirichir deareal Tempach ocuḡ tuaitibiuil mḡreḡ.

"Nir' tairnichterí lat clænmile Cernai.

"Ocuḡ nir' echtria cach nomas n-airche reach Theamairí.

"Ocuḡ nir' fací i tḡis ar mbi eḡḡna fuillirí teneasó immach iarí fuineasó nḡréine 7 imbi ecnai oammuirḡ.

"Ocuḡ ní tiarra muḡt tri Deirga do thḡis Deirḡ.

"Ocuḡ nir' maḡbairterí oiberrḡ is flaití.

"Ocuḡ ní tae oam aenmna no enḡirí i techí foirí iarí fuineasó nḡréine.

"Ocuḡ ni a hupparí aḡḡia do oá moghuo."

Ir léirí go maib an t-áḡ 'n-a éomuib ó éuir. aḡur an oirḡeasó íam ḡeara do léirḡean air, aḡur ná maib aon oul aḡe ias do íeacḡnasó air ías.

I ḡcúirra an íḡeíl do éuaró ré i n-aḡairó na nḡeara ro go léirí, aḡur ba óasoir an oíogaltar do baineasó ar. Ir mimí i muḡt an eacḡtria do éumuirḡ ré air na

should work destruction first in Alba, and thereafter in Erin. When they were approaching the land of Erin, Conaire was travelling with his companions to Dublin and making for the Hostel of Da Derga, King of Leinster. Both parties hear the noise made by the other, and they recognize without misgiving that it was the noise of their enemy. The conception and the bringing up of Conaire were wonderful, and he was only "a young beardless lad" when he was installed as king in Tara. But heavy, fast-binding *geasa* were put upon him, so that it was not easy for him to escape from misfortune and destruction. These are the *geasa* to which he was subjected :

"Thou shalt not go right-handwise round Tara, and left-handwise round Bregia.

"The evil beasts of Cerna must not be hunted by thee.

"And thou shalt not go out every ninth night beyond Tara.

"Thou shalt not sleep in a house from which fire-light is manifest outside after sunset ; and in which (light) is manifest from without.

"And three Reds shall not go before thee to Red's house.

"And no rapine shall be wrought in thy reign.

"And after sunset a company of one woman or one man shall not enter the house in which thou art.

"And thou shalt not settle the quarrel of thy two thralls!"

It is plain that Fate was against him from the beginning, seeing that it permitted so many *geasa* to be imposed on him, and that it was out of his power to avoid them all.

In the course of the story he breaks through all these *geasa*, and heavy was the vengeance inflicted on him. Frequently, as the tale progresses, does he call to mind

ἡγεραῖβ ῥεο το βί μαρι ἐπομυῖγεαὲτ αι, ιρ αι
 ουλ 'η-α η-αῖαὶ τοό ιρ μινιc το κυρρεαὶ ι η-υμῖαι
 τοό λε νεαρτ ἐαμῖγαμρεαὲτα ἡο μαιβ μιλρεαὶ ιρ
 τυβαιρτ 'η-α ἐομῖαι. ιρ τιμυαῖῖμῖεῖλεαὲ ἐ ῖῖεαῖλ αν
 οεαῖῖ-μῖοῖῖ ῖο, αῖ ῖεανῖαι μαιτεαῖα το'η τῖαοῖαῖλ μῖοι-
 οτιμῖεαῖλ, αῖυρ λε λῖνν ἡαὲ μαιτεαῖα αῖ βῖυρεαὶ τῖε
 η-α ἡγεραῖβ ιρ αν τ-αῖ ῖά ἐεανῖαιλτ λε ῖλαβῖα ιαῖμῖαι
 ῖά ῖεαοῖαὶ α βῖυρεαὶ. ῖῖ'λ ῖῖεαῖλ ῖά εαὲτῖα λε ῖαῖβῖαι
 ι λεαβῖαιβ ῖά ι μῖεαῖλ ηα ῖεανῖαιὶε ἐομῖ τοῖλῖ, ἐομῖ
 τιμυαῖῖμῖεῖλεαὲ λε ῖυῖυρε ιρ ἐομῖεαῖῖαῖ αν ἐυῖαιὶ ῥεο λε
 η-α αῖ ῖοῖμα ῖεμ, ιρ ἐ ῖά ῖοῖοῖῖ αῖ τυτιμ ἡαν τιμυαῖ
 ἡαν ταιρε τοό. ἲοῖεανῖ ῖε ῖεμ ἡο ῖοῖλῖι ἡο βῖυῖλ ῖε
 αῖ ουλ αι α αῖμῖεαῖ; ιρ 'η-α ῖοῖαιὶ ῖιν ῖῖ ῖαῖανῖ ῖε αν
 ῖεμ βῖυρεαὶ α ἡεαῖα το ῖεαῖναὶ. ῖῖ α τοῖλ μῖο-λαῖ.
 ιρ ῖῖ αν ιομαὶ το ἡεαῖαιβ μαρι ἐπομυῖγεαὲτ αι. ῖα
 ῖοῖῖῖ λεατ ἡυῖ ἐυῖρεαοῖαι ηα ῖεῖτε ἐομῖαι αι αν
 ῖαοῖαῖλ ἐυμ ἐεαῖ μαῖαὶ το ῖεανῖαι ῖε, “quoties voluit
 fortuna joculari.” ῖῖ μαιβ α λῖιτῖεῖο το μῖῖ μῖαι μῖομῖ
 ῖιν αι ῖεαβαῖ ιρ αι ἐομῖῖομαὲτ :

“ιρ ηα ῖλαῖτῖ ατῖαι ηα τῖῖ βαῖμῖ ῖοι ἲμῖο α. βαῖμῖ
 υῖαῖ 7 βαῖμῖ ῖοῖτῖ 7 βαῖμῖ μεῖῖα. ιρ ηα ῖλαῖτῖ αῖ
 ἐομῖμῖο λα ἐαῖ ῖεῖ ἡυτῖ αῖαιλε οῖυρ βετῖ ῖετα
 μεντοῖμῖοτ αι ῖεβαῖ ηα ἐάηα, 7 ιν τῖῖοα 7 ιν ἐάηη-
 ἐομῖαιε ῖαιλ ῖεῖηηη ηα ηἲμῖο.”

Αὲτ ιρ ἐ τιμυαῖ αν ῖῖεῖλ ἡυῖ β'ε αν ῖεαβαῖ ἐεαοηα,
 αῖυρ αν ἐομῖῖομαὲτ ηεανῖ-ἡῖαῖαὲ το μῖεαῖλ ἐ ἐυμ
 ῖῖῖεαὶ α ῖοηαιῖ. ῖῖ ῖε το ἡεαῖαιβ αι ἡαν ῖῖοῖῖαῖν
 το ῖεανῖαι ιοῖι βῖιρτ ῖά ἡῖῖβῖεαῖαιβ, αὲτ ῖῖοῖ λῖῖῖ α

these *geasa* which weighed him down, and as he breaks through them, he is often warned prophetically, that destruction and misfortune are in store for him. Pathetic is the story of this good king, doing good to the world around, and on the occasion of each good deed breaking through his *geasa*, while fate binds him down with a chain of iron, which he cannot break. There is no tale or narrative to be found in books, or from the lips of story-tellers, so sad, so pathetic, as the wrestling and struggling of this hero with his own hapless Destiny, and his falling at last without regret or pity. He himself perceives clearly that he is on the path of misfortune; but at the same time he feels unable to avoid breaking through his *geasa*. His will was too weak, and there were too many *geasa* pressing heavily upon him. One would imagine that the gods sent Conaire on earth, to make of him a laughing-stock "as often as Fate wished to make merry." There never before was a king to match him in goodness and justice:

"In his reign are the three crowns on Erin—namely, crown of corn ears, and crown of flowers, and crown of oak mast. In his reign, too, each man deems the other's voice as melodious as the strings of lutes, because of the excellence of the law, and the peace and the good will prevailing throughout Erin."

But the pathos of the story consists in this, that it is his goodness and his unwonted justice that lure him to the path of his misfortune. He was under *geasa* not to settle the quarrel between his two "thralls," but his

ὁ δὲ ἀνὰ τὸ ζῆλον τοῦ ἐν μέντοι καὶ τοῦ ἐν ἑαυτοῖς.

Ո՛ր ո՞ւրից կոտ շար քննիր զ լան ոտն. լքել քո ոտ
 ինչպէս զ լողորդի քոյրիցի, և ի քաղաքի քոյրի,
 զքոյր և զքաղաքի քոյրի մայր քո ոտ լքելովք զքոյր
 Կառն զայն մայրիքն ի ինչ-միայն զայն ոտն. Ընդմիջ
 ինչ-միայն զայն ոտն զայն ոտն զայն ոտն —

“Bui in ampa aipegda for Eunn, Eoharo feroleach a ann. Doluro feachtur n-ann dapi denach mBpeg leith, conaccar in mnai for uir in tobairi 7 ciu chuir-
 méil aigir co n-ecor de or acthe oc folcuro al- luing
 aigir 7 ceithiu heoin oir furiu 7 gleorigemai beccar oi
 charumogul choicrai hi forulearcuib na luingi. Buar
 car corcra foloichain aicthe. Dualltar aigiror
 ecoriror [milech] de or oibinnu irin buatt. Lene
 lebuir chulpatach ir í chotutplemon dei phitru uainor
 fo deirgin liur oir impir. Tuagmala ingantai oi or 7
 aigir for a buiruib 7 a forinnuib 7 a guallib irin
 lene oi cach leith. Taitneo fua in gman cobba
 forerig dona feruib taroleach in oir furin ngréin
 ariu tritru uainor. Da truib n-orbuir for a cur,
 fige ceit bui nual ceachtar nre 7 mell for iun
 cach duail. Ba cormail leo dath in folc rin fur bairi
 n-aileirai hi rampar, no fur deirgór iai nrenai a
 datha.

1r ono bui oc taithbiuch a fuilt oia folcud . . .
 batari githi pueachta n-óenaothe na oi doir 7 batari
 maethchoiri 7 batari deigithi pian plebe na da gmuao
 nglan ailli. batari duibithi oimmine daeil na da
 malaich. batari manu 7 ppar do nemannai a deta
 i na cenó. batari glarithi bugha na oi phuil.
 batari deigithi paritang na beoil. batari foraroda
 mine maethgela na da gualann. batari gelglana
 rithfota na meia. batari fota na lama . . .

goodness made him go and make peace between them.

It seems to us that a large portion of the story is unsurpassed for brilliancy of description, and wealth of language, and it is probable that it is in this wise Eoghan Ruadh would have written did he live in the author's time. We quote here a little of the very beginning of the story :

“ There was a famous and noble king over Erin, named Eochaid Feidleich. Once upon a time, he came over the fairgreen of Bri Léith, and he saw, at the edge of a well, a woman with a bright comb of silver, adorned with gold, washing in a silver basin, wherein were four golden birds, and little bright gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of the basin. A mantle she had, curly and purple, a beautiful cloak, and in the mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a brooch of fairest gold. Marvellous clasps of gold and silver in the kirtle on her breasts and her shoulders and *spaulds* on every side. The sun kept shining upon her, and the glistening of the gold against the sun, from the green silk, was manifest to men. On her head were two golden yellow tresses, in each of which was a plait of four locks, with a bead at the point of each lock. The hue of that hair seemed to them like the flower of the iris in summer, or like red gold after the burnishing thereof.

“ There she was undoing her hair to wash it White as the snow of one night were the two hands; soft and even and red as fox-glove were the two clear, beautiful cheeks. Dark as the back of a stagbeetle the two eyebrows. Like a shower of pearls were the teeth in her head. Blue as a hyacinth were the eyes. Red as rowan berries were the lips. Very high, smooth and soft-white the shoulders. Chalk-white and lengthly the fingers. Long were the hands The bright radiance of the moon was in her noble face; the loftiness of pride in her smooth eyebrows; the light of

Soluppuiriuirio inn erce ina faeriazaio upthochail uailli ina minmalzib iuitthen, iuiuzhe ceachtari a da iuz iore. Tibpi ainuza ceachtari a da iuzia co n-amlio mo tibreu do ballaib bith choieia co noieizi fola laiz 7 apaille eile co folur zili iueacnta. Uocmaerwachio banamail ina gloi cem foruo n-inmalla acci, tochim iuznari le. Ba pi tria ar caemaem agur ar aitheam agur ar coriam atconnaricadari iuili doine de mnáib domain. Ba doiz leo beo a iroaib oi. Ba fua arbpeth “cuith cach co hEtain.” “Caem cach co hEtain.”

Níl rliže agaimn annro triáct ar brieáztáct na bhuirne; ar a curu iromia aeieada doibne, ar éual-
láct uaral, meanmac Conaie, ar a léir-maire ir ar a
ipéieamháct, ar a éaoine ir ar a móiróáct, ar na
céadotuib do éuit le n-a láim i iucmangiaáct coimrziari,
ar na curaduib do zoin ir do mull ré dá coraint féin
zan bhuiz, ar a ág doema féin, ar éiuaz a léir-tarita,
mar éizgeann ir aicéann ré deoc ir zan doinne ’ran
bhuirín cum a iota do múcaó, mar do iaoirfaó don
deoc amáin é ar lán-éuile a éubairte, ir zan an deoc
rain le fazbáil, ná fóir ar barzaó ir milleaó ir dozgaó
ir léir-buieaó na horóce im. Ba doiz leat iup bi
an tria do dozgaó ir do leazaó aip le rluaztaib na
n-eaétriann:

“Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando

Explicet, aut quis posset lacrimis aequare labores?”

————:o:————

wooning in each of her regal eyes. A dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, with an amlud (?) in them at one time of purple spots, with redness of a calf's blood, and at another with the bright lustre of snow. Soft womanly dignity in her voice; a step steady and slow she had, a queenly gait was hers. Verily of the world's women, 'twas she was the dearest and loveliest that the eyes of men had ever beheld. It seemed to them (King Eochaid and his followers) she was from the elfmounds. Of her was said—"shapely are all till (compared with) Etain." "Dear are all till (compared with) Etain."

We have not space here to treat of the beauty of the Hostel; of its airy, delightful chambers, of the noble high-spirited party of Conaire, of his beauty, of his loveliness, of his gentleness, of his majesty, of the hundreds who fell by his hand, in the press of conflict, of the heroes he wounded and destroyed while defending himself in vain from his own woeful fate, of the pathos of his bitter thirst, how he cries and clamours for a drink while there is no one in the hostel to quench his thirst, how even one drink would save him from the flood of his misfortune, and how that drink was not to be obtained; nor yet of the crushing, destroying, burning and great wrecking of that night. One might imagine that it was Troy, that once more was burnt and pulled down by hosts of strangers.

"Who can unfold the slaughter of that night or the death, by narration, or who can its troubles equal with tears?" *

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken without any alteration from the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XXII., Nos. 1 and 2.

an treas alt.

uir-séalta báineas le coin cúlaimn.

Ir mar a céile Cú Cúlaimn inr na sean-rséaltaibh Saeúealaíoch na díoil i mbeairt áiríte d'eaótmairibh Spéigeaíoch. Maireann Cú Cúlaimn i n-a lán do sean-rséaltaibh Saeúealaíoch 'n-a cúrao oirdeairc, ir 'n-a laoc cáit-buaíoch; agus i n-a lán eile díobh ir é príomh-míleao na n-éaóit air a tairáótar é. 'N-a táobh rann ní oia ná deamán Cú Cúlaimn aóit duinne daonna. bíóó go tairgann aóairmúgao iongantaó air ó uair go huair le neairt éaótaó éirgin tairáódeáóta. Ir ríaoáin, feargao, ríóómar i gcaótaibh 'r i gcomlann é. aóit ní gan tairc, gan tairmáiréil a óiríóe. Ir é cúrao Cúigro Ulaó é, agus glóir Eamán Maó, ir eí coranta Cúlaimn. Ní cúirio laocíoch ná cunnmúgao daoneao eagla ná uamán air, agus ir tairm é béim a cúirio air i tairmáin a láime i láir comeargair.

Cioó náir ba deamán é féim, léirgíó —

“Súir gairretair inme bocánaig ocar bananaig ocar geniti glinóir ocar demna a eóir. Daig da beirtir Tuáó Óé Daonna ngairmó inmírium combao móir a gáin ocar a ecla ocar a uirao ocar a uiramán ineaó cath ocar in eaó cathíoir in eaó comluno ocar in eaó comuic i tairgíó.”

Ní aontuirgíó i n-aon-óir leir na huóairiaibh a uéairao náó daonna an cúrao ro. Níl i gCoin Cúlaimn. a deirio. 'Nuair a bíonn fearg ir eiríó air, ir 'nuair a

CHAPTER III.

ROMANCES RELATING TO CUCHULAINN.

Cuchulainn, in the old Irish stories, is like Achilles in a certain body of Greek tales. Cuchulainn lives in some of the old Irish stories as a noble hero, a victorious champion, and in others he is the main heroic figure in the feats described in them. Still Cuchulainn is neither a god nor a demon, but a human being, although a strange transformation takes place in his person from time to time, by some wondrous magic power. He is wild, wrathful, vehement in strife and conflict, yet he is not without softness and pity. He is the champion of the province of Ulster, the glory of Emhain Macha, the guardian hound of Culann. Nor heroes nor assemblies of the populace put him in fear or trembling, and weighty is the stroke of his weapon and the onset of his hand in the thick of the fight.

Though he himself was not a demon, we read that, "There shouted around him Bocanachs and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha Dé Danann were used to set up their shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be the greater in every battle-field, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went."

We do not agree by any means with those authors

cúipeann fú a fácaint na laochra cum báir, aét an
 ghuann breágh, lonnias, larañail, agh cur a tear i gcéim,
 aghur 'nuair a tagann an t-aithriughao éacrae air le
 neair a "martraio" níl ann aét an ghuann éeasna fá
 úib-rgamallail, ir fá úir-úoiriughao éeoiú. Ir labraio
 na huíghair reo air breacaó an lae tré néaltail na
 rpreire, mar corñalaét to Coin Cúlann. Aét ir úoiú
 linn-ne ná fuil don ghabao to fannluígeaét na gpreire
 ná to úib-rgamallail neime aghann cum éacrae Con
 Cúlann, mar a bfoillriúghair úinn iao 'na huir-
 rgéaltail, to tuigir. Níl i n-eacrae Con Cúlann
 aét rgéal móir-cuirao to corñail a cúigearó ó amairail
 na bfeair nÉipeannaó ór na ceirre cúigiróib eile, ir go
 mail a éacrae to n-aithir agh báirail uile na tíre. Ní
 ceairt ghuann ná ceo ná rgamail to tabairt irteac gan
 fáct, aghur níl i n-uir-rgéaltail a bairer le n-air
 gcuirao fáct ná áobair fannluígeacrae to faghair. Ní
 heao ná gur innearó gnómarra leir ná tig le tuine
 raonna to éeannan gan cabair ó úeirib, nó ó éeannail,
 aét ní éeannann fann ghuann ná raia ée. Úi aicil raonna
 go leoir—air éaob a aithir air don trliúiró—aét cúipeann
 pallar lonnias glómar 'n-a éimceall, i rreio go
 gcuirto rluirge le heagla to amair, aghur neair-
 uígeann rí a gúct, i rreio go rtagann aithao air buirín
 na Trae, ir go rruiteann a gcuir aithir ar a láirail le
 fuair a lúire.

Ir fíor éacrae macgnómarra Con Cúlann. aét ní
 éeannann fann raia ná ghuann ná raibire ée. Ní mail ann
 aét leannán 'nuair cur ré ionghao air iománairóib óga

who assert that this champion was not human. Cuchulainn, they say, when in a rage and fury, and when even his very look puts heroes to death, is nothing else than the fair, brilliant, blazing sun, sending its heat afar; and when a strange transformation sets in on him, on account of his "distortion," it is only the same sun underneath black clouds, and in an eclipse of mist. These authors speak, too, of the day dawning through the clouds of the air, as represented by Cuchulainn. But it seems to us that we have no need of similitudes of the sun or of the dark-clouds of heaven, to understand the exploits of Cuchulainn, as they are revealed to us in the romances. The story of Cuchulainn is that of a great hero, who defended his own province from the attacks of the men of Erin of the four other provinces, and whose feats were rehearsed by the bards of the country. It is not just to introduce sun, or clouds, or mist, without cause, and there is neither cause nor reason for similitudes of the kind, to be found in the romances that pertain to our hero. Not that he has not performed feats which surpass a human being's power, without help from gods or demons, but he is not, therefore, a god or a demon. Achilles was fully human—on his father's side at least—but Pallas sheds bright effulgences around him, so that hosts tremble through fear on beholding him, and she strengthens his voice so that terror seizes on the Trojan band, and their arms drop from their hands at the sound of his shouting.

The boyish exploits of Cuchulainn are truly marvel-

cúirte an míos. Do chug céad go leic oíob iarmhacé ar é do mairbhad, aét níor b'féidir leo fhu é do gormuagad. Gluaiseann fé 'n-a noiaró, agus tuiteann caogad oíob le n-a lánm, agus ríócair an cúro eile óó. Ní maib fé an triac fann aét cúg blicóna o'aoir. Do janne fé éacéa níor ionganaiže ó blicóam go blicóam, agus do mē a cail ar fuair na oúitce ar fad. Tá cunnar ar an gcumad ro i n-a lán o'úir-rgéaltaib. aét ir iao ro na rgéalta a baineat leir, ar ir feáir a bfuil aithe. "Tógáil bhuirne Dá Deirga," "Táin bó Cuailgne," "Cac Ruir na Rí," "Seirglige Conculann," "Fleo bhuirne," "Toemairic Emir." Ní'l don rgéal oíob ro com bpeág. com brioimair le "Táin bó Cuailgne." Mui-rgéal cuparóeac ir ead an "Táin" go bfuil oótam don litpgeacéa nó teangán 'ran toimann ann, úir-rgéal lán o'eadtairóib doibinne, agus o'eadtairib i n-a bfoillrižtear cpoóacé ir meanma móir-cupad. Cioó gup rgéal págáac é, ní'l mí-éneartacé ná mí-náóúir ar éacé ná ar žníoim de. Annapo ir annpúo táio rtairca foillrižte le fagbáil ann com hálaimn, com lonnriac ir žeoēfaióe i litpgeacé na Rómá. Tá an caint boirb, paróbir, ir na bmačair briožmair. léir-muir, ir ní fuláir do'n léižteoir fann do cup i n-éacéair ir i nžníoimaircaib an rgéil ro. agus go móir-móir i žcipoóacé ir i meanmair. ir i móir-cpoiróeacé Con Culann.

Tá Cúigeacó Ulaó ag fupire i žcomnib na žcúigeacó eile, agus ir é Cú Culann fál coranta Cúigió Ulaó; ir é žleacaióe a oáomeacó i n-uét an baogail; ir

lous; but he is not, therefore, a god, or the sun, or a phantom. He was only an infant when he astonished the young hurlers of the king's court. One hundred and fifty of them attempted to put him to death; but they did not succeed even in wounding him. He pursues them, and fifty of them fall by his hand, and the others submit to him. At that time he was only five years of age. He performed still more wonderful feats from year to year, and his fame spread over the whole country. There is an account of this hero in several romances; but the romances pertaining to him, that are best known, are "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn," "The Feast of Bricriu," "The Wooing of Emir." There is none of these tales so beautiful, so forceful as "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley." "The Cattle Spoil" is an Epic worthy of any literature in the world, a romance full of delightful episodes, and of feats in which the valour and high spirit of great heroes is depicted. Though it is a pagan tale, there is neither coarseness, nor unnaturalness in feat or event recorded in it. Here and there, it contains descriptive passages as beautiful, as brilliant, as are to be found in the literature of Rome. The style is luscious and rich, the words forceful and melodious, and the reader is constrained to take an interest in the feats and events of this story, and above all, in the valour, the high spirit and the large-heartedness of Cuchulainn.

Ulster is struggling against the other provinces, and Cuchulainn is the wall of defence of the Province of Ulster; he is his people's champion in the breast of danger, he

é a lonniamó polair i n-oiriúceacht rléibhe, i r a scomairice
 oin, i r a sgerann bagair i n-aíaró a namas. I r geall
 le haontuáó muinntir na hEorpa uile i scomuib
 napóleon aontuáó na sceitir scúigeaó i n-aíaró
 Con Cúlaimn, áct suri mó oibhúgeann an Cú srioióe
 rin le neair a colna féin ná mari ceann uiriaró ar
 rluaiótib. Cuirieann comriac aonrii átar ar a órioióe.
 Sáruigeann móri-cupiaó 'ran ló é; áct an fáir a bíonn
 ré as pléiró leir an sgeriaó rain, tá neair as rluas na
 bfeair nEirieannaó sruaireaó pompa óm fada asur
 i r féirir leo. áct ní rlan ná polain laoc ná cupiaó
 'n-a óiaró. I r fíoi sgo oeminn ná cuirieann ré ffeairóur
 cum báir, áct ní'l fonn ar ffeairóur buan-comriac ro
 cupi air. I r iomóa caó i r comearóar ar a otriáótan an
 "Táin," áct ní'l éaó 'ran rgeal i r ffeáir curiear i
 n-uimail oúinn nóra cnearta ar n-aíreac, a noeas-
 béara, i r a noaonnaó 'ná comriac aonrii Con Cúlaimn
 i r ffeiriaro as an áó.

Com-óaltaíóe ro b'eaó na cupiaíóe reo ro hoileao
 le Sgátais i r aoióe, áct sgo riab an Cú i bfaó
 níoi óige ná ffeiriao, asur anoir, cióó sgo bfuil
 crioíóe na beirte ar léiri-laraó le lán-ferris i n-aíaró
 an comearóar, ní óeacáir báir a scom-óaltaóair
 i bfuairie aca, asur i r geall le briáitrib sriáóaca
 iao as teasriáil le n-a céile ar maroin lae an
 comriac, i r as rgariaó le céile i scomair na hoiróe,
 sgo briúigte, leointe, tar éir ffuirre i r anrióis an comear-
 óar. Ní oóis sgo rgríóbaó rtar ná úiri-rgeal riain

is their radiant light in the darkness of the mountain, he is their shield of defence and threatening staff in the face of their enemy. The league of the four provinces against Cuchulainn, is like the league of the people of Europe against Napoleon, only that that great Hound works more with the strength of his own body, than as the chief of hosts. A single combat delights his heart. One great hero a day satisfies him; and while he is engaged in fighting this hero, the hosts of the men of Erin proceed in their forward march as far as they may. But, nor hero nor champion does he leave whole or sound. It is true indeed that he does not slay Fergus, but Fergus has no desire to prolong the quarrel with him. The "Cattle Spoil" describes many a battle and conflict, but there is no exploit in the story that so clearly reveals to us the gentle spirit of our ancestors, their polished manners, and their humanity, as the single combat between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad at the Ford.

These heroes were foster-brothers who were educated under Scathach and Aoife, but the Hound was far younger than Ferdiad, and, now, though the hearts of both are burning for the combat, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold within them, and they are like loving brothers as they meet on the morning of the day of battle, and as they separate for the night, bruised and wounded from the pressure and turmoil of the combat. We think that there was never written a history or romance in which great heroes behave with such

i n-a n-iomc̃maio mói-ćuiaioe iao féin leir an oipeao cneartaćta iʀ mói-ćmoioeac̃ta. Iʀ deim̃in ná fuil i lituigeac̃t na Róam̃ ná na Špéige cuiać com̃ huapal, com̃ meanmac̃, com̃ deağ-aigeantac̃ le Coin Ćulainn. 'Nuair a ćeagm̃uig̃io le ćéile air b̃ruac̃ an áća, cuipeann Feioiao fáilte f̃ioi-ćaoĩn moim̃ an Ćoin. “Mo ćen do ćućtu, a Cuculaino,” air ré, ağur tar̃i éir mói-ćoia ağallaim̃, luig̃io air com̃iac, ağur um̃ ćm̃ac̃-nóna, tar̃i éir tuir̃e iʀ añpaio an com̃iaic, “Scuipem̃ de f̃ioiãn baoc̃epta a Cuculaino,” air Feioiao. Do f̃guir̃-aoc̃aí ó ćéile, ağur ağ iʀo mãi ćm̃ac̃tann an “Táin” air ćaoine iʀ air c̃neartaćt a m̃uinñteap̃ioair :—

“Bhaćeip̃iopet a n-air̃im̃ uathu illámaib a n-air̃ao. Táiñic c̃ac̃ oib̃ o'inoip̃aig̃io aiaile air̃ aic̃hle ocar̃ mãbeip̃t c̃ac̃ oib̃ lám̃ oair̃ b̃iáğic̃ aiaile, ocar̃ mã ćair̃ib̃i teóia póc. Ra bátar̃i a n-eic̃ in oeñ iʀcũi in n-air̃oći riñ, ocar̃ a n-air̃ao ic̃ oeñ tenio; ocar̃ bo ġñip̃etair̃ a n-air̃ao cor̃p̃air̃i lep̃ća úp̃iluaćmã oib̃, ġo f̃p̃ućhaoc̃aip̃taib̃ f̃ep̃i ñğona f̃p̃u. Tancaatar̃i f̃iallać icc̃i ocar̃ leg̃ir̃ oā n-icc̃ ocar̃ oā leig̃ep̃, ocar̃ foćheip̃oetair̃i lub̃i ocar̃ loip̃ra icc̃i ocar̃ p̃l̃ánip̃en mã c̃neoaib̃ ocar̃ c̃p̃iećtaib̃, mã n-ál̃taib̃ ocar̃ mã n-il̃ğonaib̃. Cać lub̃i ocar̃ cać loip̃ra icc̃i ocar̃ p̃l̃ánip̃en mã beip̃thea mã c̃neoaib̃ ocar̃ c̃p̃iećtaib̃ al̃taib̃ ağur il̃ğonaib̃ Conculaino, mã ionaioćea com̃p̃aino uao oib̃ oair̃ áć mãi o'f̃h̃ip̃ioiao, na mãbb̃iaip̃it̃ir̃ f̃ip̃i h̃eip̃ieño oā tuioeo Feioiao leip̃p̃ium, ba h̃um̃maip̃maio leg̃ir̃ oā beip̃aio f̃air̃i.”

An oair̃a lá ağur an t̃p̃iear̃ lá oó'ñ c̃oiñeap̃ğear̃ iom̃-ćmaio na cuiaioe iao féin air̃ an ġcuiać ġc̃eáona, aćt ġup̃i ćuair̃i Cú Ćulainn milleac̃ a naiaio an ceat̃maiać lá oó'ñ c̃oiñeap̃ğair̃, ağur oā b̃p̃iğ̃ riñ ġup̃i iʀğair̃aoc̃aí

gentleness and magnanimity. It is certain that there is not in the literatures of Rome or Grece, a champion so noble, so high-spirited, so fair-minded as Cuchulainn. When they meet at the verge of the ford, Ferdiad bids fair welcome to Cuchulainn. "Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulainn," he exclaims; and after a long dialogue they fall to fighting, and in the evening, after the fatigue and turmoil of the conflict, "let us desist from this now, O Cuchulainn," says Ferdiad. They separated, and it is thus "The Cattle Spoil" describes the gentleness and mildness of their friendship:—

"They threw away their arms from them into the hands of their charioteers. Each of them approached the other forthwith, and each put his hands around the other's neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in the same paddock that night, and their charioteers at the same fire; and their charioteers spread beds of green rushes for them with wounded men's pillows to them. The professors of healing and curing came to heal and cure them, and they applied herbs and plants of healing and curing to their stabs and their cuts and their gashes and to all their wounds. Of every herb, and of every healing and curing plant that was put to the stabs and cuts and gashes, and to all the wounds of Cuchulainn, he would send an equal portion from him westward over the ford to Ferdiad, so that the men of Erin might not be able to say, should Ferdiad fall by him, that it was by better means of cure that he was enabled to (kill him.)"

The champions behave in the same manner on the second and third day of the combat, except that Cuchulainn had foreboding that the destruction of his enemy would take place on the fourth day, and there-

ó céile lán do buairíocht ír do bhuíghaó-croíde an tpearf
oíche. An ceathrúnaí lán tagann neart neamh-ghnátaí
i gComh Cúlainn, agus áthruisígeann a “muarthaí” é go
lán-ionghantaí go —

“Rof lín aat ocar imríthi, mar anáil illér, co
nóerna thuaig n-uachtair, n-acbéil, n-iluachtair, n-iong-
antaig de; go mba metitir na fómóir, na me fepi mara,
in mílro móir éalma, óir chinro fíreao i ceit airtí.”
Agus annrain corruisígeann a gcomhac i gceart. “Ba
ré olúr n-imairic dá mionraí, go na comhaciretar a
cint ar n-uachtair, ocar a corra ar n-íctair, ocar állama
ar n-imeoón dár bilib ocar cobharaib na ícaí. Ba
ré olúr n-imairic dá mionraí, go na oluigret ocar go
na oluigret a ícaí ó a mbilib go a mbíonnti. Ba
ré olúr n-imairic dá mionraí, go na íllre tar, ocar
go na lurrarar, ocar go na suarairretar a íleza, ó a
mennaí go a n-eilannaí, 7c.”

An lán fain, do méirí tuair na Con, do goineao
fepíao tar íóir, agus —

“Rabert Cuculainn íorí dá íaigí ar a aítle ocar
na íao a dá láim thair, ocar tuarraig leirí cona arim
ocar cona eiríuo ocar cona etgíuo dár áth íaíuaí é.”

I gceall le bean éaonte an cuiaí buaíao íro ag caoi
an laoií do leag ré, i mannaib doibne, ír i mílir-íróir.

I nóiríao na “Tána” tá tráíct ar comhac ion-
ghantaí íorí dá íarib—tarib geal-aíaríao ó Connaíctarib,
ír tarib donn a hultarib—gíur deacair a íáruíghaí ar
íéirí ír ar íóir-óéine. Áct ní’l ílígí agáinn annro
cum cunnar do íabairí ar an gcomhac fain.

Foilírigítear cneartaí ír mairí Con Cúlainn dúinn

fore they separated from one another full of sorrow and heart-felt regret on the third night. On the fourth day Cuchulainn assumes unwonted strength and becomes transformed after a very strange fashion by his "distortion," so that

"He was filled with swelling and great fulness, like breath in a bladder, until he became a terrible, fearful, many-coloured, wonderful Tuaig (giant), and he became as big as a Femor or man of the sea, the great and valiant champion in perfect height over Ferdiad." "And then commenced their fight in earnest. So close was the fight they made now, that their heads met above and their feet below, and their arms in the middle, over the rims and bosses of their shields. So close was the fight they made that they cleft and loosened their shields from their rims to their centres. So close was the fight which they made that they turned and bent and shivered their spears from their points to their hafts."

On that day, in accordance with the Hound's foreboding, Ferdiad was wounded beyond relief, and—

"Cuchulainn ran towards him after that, and clasped his two arms about him, and lifted him with his arms and his armour and his clothes across the ford, northwards."

That victorious champion is like a lamenting woman, bewailing the hero he laid low, in beautiful stanzas of verse, and in delicious prose.

Towards the end of the "Cattle Spoil" there is an account of a strange conflict between two bulls—a white-horned bull from Connaught, and a brown bull from Ulster—a conflict it would be difficult to surpass in fierceness and sheer intensity; but we have not space here to give an account of that conflict.

Cuchulainn's mildness of disposition, as well as his

φόρ, ι γζéal eile τά ηζαιμντεαρ “Τοόμαιρε Εμνι,”
 αζυρ φαζαμ τυαιμνζ α εαζναότα ι “Σειμζλιζι Con-
 culainn.” Το τυιτ αν κυιαό φα όεοιζ ι ζCaτ Μαιζε
 Μνιμντεμνε.

Οιοό ζυρ μόρι αν μεαρ ατά αμ Ćoncubair, αμ Ćearζυρ,
 ιρ αμ Ćerioiaσ, ιρ αμ α λάν λαοό eile αμ α οτριάόταισ να
 hύμν-γζéalτα ρο, ní κυιτά ι ζcomόρταρ αοιήνε όιοό le
 Com Ćulainn. Νίλ κυιαό τά έριέμε ιρ τά μέανμναι ι
 ρταρταιβ ná ι η-ύμν-γζéalταιβ να hέριεανν. Ταρβεάνανν
 ρέ ’η-α ζήοιόμναιταιβ ιρ ’η-α έαόταιβ ρέιν cpoόάότ ιρ
 meanma, cneapταότ ιρ caomneaότ αμ ρινρεαρ ρυλ αμ
 λαφαό ρολαρ να Cρίορτυρόεαότα ’ραν τίμ.

—————:o:—————

an ceatrain aó halt.

—————

na sgealta fionnuigeácta.

Ιρ γεall le μαρ α όéile Cú Ćulainn ιμρ να ρεαν-
 γζéalταιβ ζαεόεαλαόα αζυρ Ćionn Mac Cumail ι μόμν-
 βοιζ το γζéalταιβ níορ οέιρόεαναιζε. Μόμν-κυιαό το
 b’eaó Ćionn, αζ α ραιβ ριορ ιονζανταό, αζυρ τάμ ζέιλ-
 λεαοαρ complaότ μεαρ, lúctμναι, acpμνneaό, αμ α
 ηζαιμντιόε αν Ćiann, nó Ćianna έριεανν. Mac ó’Ćionn το

beauty, are described for us, also, in another romance called "The Wooing of Emir," and we get an account of his wisdom in the "Sick Bed of Cuchulainn." The hero at length fell in the battle of the Plain of Muirteimne.

Although Conchubhar and Fergus and Ferdiad, and many other heroes of whom these romances treat are held in high esteem, none of them is comparable to Cuchulainn. There is no other champion so brave, so high-spirited in the history or romance of Ireland. In his own deeds and exploits he reveals to us the valour, the high spirit, the gentle disposition, the mildness of our ancestors before the light of Christianity illuminated the land.*

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CHAPTER. IV.

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THE FENIAN TALES.

Cuchulainn holds nearly the same position, as regards the old Irish stories, that Fionn Mac Cumhaill does in respect to a large body of later tales. Fionn was a great hero who was possessed of wonderful power of divination, and whom a strong, active, vigorous company, who were called the Fiann, or Fenians of Ireland, obeyed. Oisín was the son of Fionn, and the primal

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken from O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," Vol. III. Appendix.

b'ead Oirín, príomh-íle na hÉireann, agus mac do-rua arís do b'ead Orzari, ná b'féidir do fánuigh do otriéine
 is i gceolácht. Bíonn Diaimair na Duibne is Caoilte
 Mac Rónáin go coiticiann 'n-a b'fochair ríú. B'eadtao
 an raogal do cáiteadair Fianna Éireann as b'ruigean,
 as iú, as fealg, as cluicéad na gcairpíad is na b'fool-
 éon. Ní maib coill, ná gleann, ná ríab is n-Éirinn is
 otaob amuig do Chúgead Ulaó ná tuagadair cuairt agh.
 Ba minic go cor-éadairiom iad as iú ar mór-bántaib
 Cille Dara, is níos b'annam a muneadair móir-fealg ar
 gorm-b'ruaib Locha Léin.

Cioó ná maib tmao do b'féile ná Fionn féin—

“Dá maó ói in duille donn,
 Cuimhsear di in caill,
 Dá maó aigeat in gealtonn,
 Ro éirílaiceo Fionn”—

ní maib fé gan fearg is éad is oíoch-aighead. Is minic
 a bíonn na Fianna is n-amao leir is otaob a oíoch-aighead
 is gcomuib Diaimair. Fiu Orzari féin, ní maiteann fé
 focal do éeann na b'Fiann.

Amail a duibhamair as triácht ar Coin Cúlaimn, b'eadtao
 iad mac-ghníomairéa Finn, agus is beag áit is n-Éirinn ná
 fuil ian éigin is noiaó a láime. Is iomóa ríab, ar a
 ngoirtear “Suíoe Finn,” agus is iomóa ároán 'n-a b'fuil
 galán móir cloicé agus ian a méar air; agus fós,
 ní'l baile is n-Éirinn ná fuil a ann agus ann a com-
 plaéta go beaét, cinnte is mbéal na noaomead ann,

poet of Ireland. And Oisín had a son, Osgar, who was unsurpassed in strength and valour. Diarmaid O Duibhne and Caoilte Mac Ronáin are constantly with these. Strange was the life led by the Fianna of Ireland, they fought, they raced, they hunted, they pursued the stag and the wolf. There was no wood or glen or mountain in Erin outside of Ulster, which they did not visit. Often did they run with light steps on the level plains of Kildare, and often did they hunt vigorously on the green margin of Lough Lein.

Though no prince surpassed Fionn in generosity—

“Were but the brown leaf which the willow sheds from
it gold,

Were but the white billow silver, Finn would have
given it all away”—

he was not, nevertheless, without rage and jealousy and evil disposition. Often are the Fianna in contention with him on account of his ill-will towards Diarmaid. Even Osgar himself speaks out his mind to the chief of the Fianna.

As we observed of Cuchulainn, the youthful exploits of Finn were wonderful, and there are but few places in Erin in which there is not some trace of his hands. Many a mountain is called “Suidhe Finn,” and many is the height in which there is a huge stone “galán” having the print of his fingers on it; and, moreover, there is not a village in Erin in which his name and that of his company are not heard precisely and accurately

bíodó náir ainiúgeadó muam 'n-a meafz ainm bhuain na boiumne ná dooda uí néill.

bíodó rgeálta ar fionn ir ar fiannaib éiríeann dá n-aithirir in na tighib tuada ar fuair na tuitche tamall ó fionn, agus ní for doib fór. Ioir na rgeáltaib fionn-uigeada ar ir feáir a bfuil aithe, áiniúgtear iad for, “Oíreao Connlaoid,” “Cat fionn Trága,” “Eactria Lomnoctáin an tSléibe Rípe,” “Cuire maoil uí Man-anáin go dtí Fianna éiríeann,” “Tómuigeact an Siolla Deacair agus a Capall,” “Bmuigean Céire Córainn,” “Tómuigeact Óiarmaoa agus Siáinne,” “Agallam na Seanómao,” 7c.

Ir fíor go bfuil deitirir móir ioir rgeáltaib mar iad for agus na húir-rgeáltaib bainear le Com Cúlaimn. Ir doibinne an éaint, ir bmeásta an moó foillirighe, ir lonn-maige an daamalaact, agus ir uairle, oirpe iad na cuimaróe i n-úir-rgeáltaib Con Cúlaimn. Tá na rgeálta fionnuigeada—nó cuir mairt oíob—lán do buao-foc-laid, cuirta i n-oir a céile le haíar a bfuaimne, ir gan fuim i n-a mbriú, agus do éuar a gcuir cainte i n-olcar i mair na mbiaóan, i tpeo go bmuigheá deic bpoal i n-oir a céile o'aon briú amáin i gcuir aca.

Ir oíúg gur b'amlaio do tógao garrao o'feairib crioá, ar ar glaoao fianna éiríeann, cum áir-miú na h éiríeann do córainn, moim ainirir Naomh páirmaig. Bí tairteal an garraio rin ar fuair na h éiríeann ar far aet amáin i gCúigeao Ulaó. Ir ionganrao mar do tóg na rgeál-uioche Crioirtuioe ruar eactriaioe na bfiann, ir mar

from the lips of the people, even where the names of Brian Boruimhe and of Hugh O'Neill are never heard.

Tales of Fionn and of the Fianna of Erin used to be recited in the houses throughout the country some time since, and they are not yet extinct. Amongst the Fenian tales which are best known, the following may be mentioned, "The Fate of Conlaoch," "The Battle of Ventry," "The Adventures of Lomnochtan of Sliabh Rife," "The Invitation of Maol O Mananain to the Fianna of Erin," "The Pursuit of the Giolla Deacair and of his Horse," "The Battle of Ceis Corainn," "The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," "The Colloquy with the Ancients," &c.

There is, no doubt, a great difference between tales like these and the romances that relate to Cuchulainn. In the romances of Cuchulainn the style is more pleasing, the descriptions are more beautiful, the colouring is more brilliant, and the heroes are nobler and more amiable. The Fenian tales—or a considerable portion of them—are full of adjectives placed after each other with a view to their sound, without regard to their meaning, and their style grew worse as years rolled on, insomuch that you may find in some of them ten tautologous words one after another.

It would seem that previous to the time of St. Patrick there was raised a body of brave men for the defence of the over-king of Ireland, who were called the Fianna of Ireland. This body frequented every part of Ireland except the Province of Ulster. It is strange how

do tuisaodair iarruac̃t air ias o'adontuḡaō le reañcar na hEaglaise. Páḡánaig̃ do b'eaō na Fianna, ac̃t níor̃ b'adon oíog̃báil a n-éac̃ta ir̃ a nḡíomair̃ta o'ait̃m̃ir do luēt an fíri-ēierom̃, agus̃ oá b̃ríg̃ rin ceapann an rḡealuid̃e ḡaeōealac̃ ḡur f̃an Oirín ir̃ Caoilte 'n-a mbeac̃arō i b'as̃o tar̃ éir̃ Caṡa Comair̃ agus̃ Caṡa ḡab̃ra agus̃ Caṡa Ollair̃ba agus̃ millte ir̃ barḡta na b̃fiann i ḡcoit̃c̃iann. O'f̃an 'n-a b̃rõc̃air̃ áōb̃air̃ beas̃ do'n ḡnáĩc̃-f̃iann. Do rḡair̃ Oirín ir̃ Caoilte le céile, agus̃ i ḡcúir̃ra a r̃uibl̃óir̃e do buail̃ Caoilte um Naom̃ Páor̃m̃aig̃. B'éac̃taō an comne do b̃i eac̃oir̃ta. B̃i ionḡnaō air̃ Páor̃m̃aig̃ ir̃ air̃ a m̃uinñt̃ir̃ air̃ f̃eic̃ir̃int̃ méir̃o ir̃ t̃r̃éine ir̃ calmaōta na ḡcuir̃aō úo. B'é an rean-ḡaoḡal agus̃ an r̃aoḡal nuac̃o i noáil a céile, agus̃ b̃i an oáil̃ ēneair̃ta, ēaom̃, ēeanaḡac̃ í. B̃i fonn air̃ Páor̃m̃uig̃ éac̃ta na b̃fiann do ēloir̃int̃, ac̃t tar̃ éir̃ tamail̃l tá aḡm̃air̃ aig̃e ḡur̃ oōc̃air̃ oá oiaōac̃t é, agus̃ t̃áiñig̃ oá aing̃il̃ f̃óir̃i-ēom̃éac̃ta Páor̃m̃aig̃ cum̃ an aḡm̃air̃ r̃aiñ do b̃aiñ oē, agus̃ oib̃riac̃oir̃ leir̃ rḡeala na ḡcuir̃aō do ēur̃ r̃íor̃ “i t̃ám̃loir̃ḡaib̃ f̃ileo, oc̃ur̃ i mb̃riac̃ḡaib̃ ollam̃an, oir̃i buo ḡair̃m̃uig̃aō do oir̃onḡaib̃ oc̃ur̃ do oēḡ oaiñib̃ oēir̃m̃o aḡm̃ir̃ie eir̃oēc̃ht̃ f̃m̃ir̃na r̃c̃élaib̃ rin.”

Tar̃ éir̃ an uir̃laḡra r̃aiñ r̃uibl̃aio Páor̃m̃aig̃ agus̃ Caoilte tim̃c̃eall na hÉir̃eann, agus̃ ní'l̃ iá̃c̃ ná cnoc̃ ná tulac̃ nac̃ móir̃ ná f̃uil̃ eac̃ṡra air̃ ó b̃eal̃ Čaoilte. Tar̃ éir̃ a oṡur̃air̃ t̃éir̃oir̃o ḡo Team̃air̃ m̃air̃ a b̃f̃uil̃ Oirín

Christian story-tellers exploited the adventures of the Fianna, and how they endeavoured to harmonize them with the history of the Church. The Fianna were Pagans, but there was no harm in reciting their deeds and exploits for the true believers, and for this reason, the Irish story-teller invents the fable that Oisín and Caoilte lived on long after the battle of Comar, and the battle of Gabhra, and the battle of Ollarba, and after the ruin and destruction of the Fianna in general. With them there remained a small number of the rank and file of the Fianna. Oisín and Caoilte separated from one another, and in the course of their wanderings Caoilte met St. Patrick. Wonderful was the meeting that took place between them. St. Patrick and his company wondered at beholding the stature, the strength and the bravery of these champions. It was the meeting of the old order of things and of the new, but mild, and gentle, and friendly was the meeting. Patrick was anxious to hear the exploits of the Fianna, but after some time he suspects that his piety would suffer from the recital, and his two guardian angels came to take away that suspicion, and they told him to set down the stories of the heroes in "the tabular staffs of poets and in words of ollamhs since to the companies and nobles of later time to give ear to the stories will be for a passtime."

After this discourse, Patrick and Caoilte travel around Ireland, and there is scarce a rath or hill or mound about which we have not got a story from the lips of

iompa, ir mar a bfuil Fleaó Teanmhaic ar iuibal, agus aithneir Caoilte ir Oirín o'fearaib Éireann gníomhaí na bfiann, agus beirte firi Éireann leo na rgealta ram, iar rgaríad oóib, go cúig áiríob na hÉireann. Ó fionn amac níorí teir rgeal Fionnuigheacta ar rgealuidé maí, ir ní maib baile i nÉirinn ná aithneir ad ann ar mhir na curaidé ar an látarí rin. Ir oóig linn féin gur b'é beannaict Pádraig ar rgealtaib Caoilte ir Oirín do tug an oiríad ram fógaríad oiríad ar fuair na tíre; ar rin amac níorí gabad oir na Cúigíuib eadla beir oiríad i uadob na rgeal ro na bPádraic o'aithir.

'San úir-rgeal ar a ngarimtear "Agallam na rean-ómaic," ar ar tugamar cúinatar tuar, ir iomda rgeal grínn, ir iomda foillirigad doibinn, ir iomda rean-cuinné ar éaduib na bfiann, agus ar nóraib na rean-amiríe atá le faibáil; agus ir bpeáig, mair, doibinn an éant atá ann fíor. Ba oóig leat go maib meabair ir cuinné ag gac gleann pléibe, ir teangá ag gac ríochtán, agus fíor eolair i gcúiríe-láir gac rean-fíoríag, ir go gcuirir ríad a gcúir reanóir i n-uíail do Caoilte, ir go n-airtuirgeann eiríad go teangáin daonna é, i uiríe go uirígead Pádraig é.

Tá rgeal Fionnuigheacta eile ar a bfuil léir-aithne ag a lán; rin é "Tóirígeact Oíamada agus Sháinne," i n-a bfoillirigtear uíinn éad, ir fearí, ir curad-éiríeact fínn. Cúid gur mór-cúrad fínn, ní maib Sháinne fáirta le é beir aicí marí éile, agus do oíig rí Oíamada na Duibne i n-a ionad. Tarí éir a lán do gair-éaduiríib, tá Oíamada ag faibáil báir ar oíinn

Caoilte. After their travels they go to Tara, where Oisín is before them, and the Feast of Tara is being held, and Caoilte and Oisín recite for the men of Erin the exploits of the Fianna, and the men of Erin, on separating, take these stories with them to the five distant points of Erin. Thenceforward, no story-teller ever was at a loss for a Fenian tale, and there was no village in Erin in which what the heroes told on that day was not recited. It seems to us that it was the blessing of Patrick on the stories of Caoilte and Oisín that gave such great publicity to them throughout the country. Thenceforward, there was no need that Christians should be afraid to recite these stories of the Pagans.

In the romance which is entitled the "Colloquy with the Ancients," from which we have taken the above account, many pleasing descriptions, many reminiscences of the exploits of the Fianna, and of the manners of the olden time are to be found; the style is pretty, sweet and delightful. One would imagine that every mountain and valley had an intellect and a memory, and every streamlet a tongue, and besides, that knowledge dwelt in the very recesses of every ancient ruin, and that they tell Caoilte of their history, and that he translates it into human speech so that Patrick might understand it.

There is another Fenian tale which is well-known to many, it is the "Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne," in which the jealousy and rage and hard-heartedness of Fionn are brought clearly before us. Though Fionn was

Deanna Šulbain, ašur o'féarfað Fionn é do f'aoirfað ó'n mbár oá mb'áil leir deoð uirge do éabhairt éuirge. Tá Oirgar aš ač'éairt air an deoð do éabhairt uairò, ačt ní'l maičear 'n-a šlóir. Fá o'eirfað tóšann fé uirge ioiri a oá lánh, ačt tuiteann 'an t-uirge o'aon-am uairò. Oéanann fé an cleaf céauna airí, ašur an t'iear uairi air teačt fá o'eín an očairi oó, "irgar an t-anam ie colainn Oiarumada."

Tair éir báir Oiarumada, meallann Fionn Špáinne, ir fanann rí aige šo báir.

—:o:—

an cúigeað halt.

TRI TRUAIGE NA SGEALUIGEACTA.

Tá an o'eiriuočačt io ioiri an lituigeačt írióir ačá ašainn ór na ciantaib ir an lituigeačt do cumað tim-čeall aimirie Aoða Uí Néill, šur mimc a bionn ppiór aimirie Uí Néill oubač, bpiónač, ooilb, ašur úpióir do ípiór na ieau-ušuar lán o'áčar ir o'airtear. Oo cumað an ppiór iain i n-aimiri na laoč air ná maib eašla ná uaimain, ir do čuiri piómpa éačta ionšantačá ir šnióimairčá laočair do o'éanain, ašur do iunn na šnióimairčá iain le meirneac ir le meanmain. Suioio áio-pužče čum feirtir ir féarčá ir bannuie i hallaioib maieamla;

a great hero, Grainne was not pleased to have him for a spouse, and fixed upon Diarmaid O Duibhne in his stead. After many sharp struggles Diarmaid is laid out to die on the top of Beann Gulban, but Fionn could save him from death if he chose to bring him a drink of water. Osgar entreats him to give the drink, but his pleading is vain. At last he takes up water between both his hands, but the water he lets drop from him purposely. He repeats the same trick, and the third time as he approaches the sick man, "the soul of Diarmaid goes out of his body."

After the death of Diarmaid, Fionn wins over Grainne, and she remains with him till death.

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CHAPTER V.

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THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY.

There is this difference between the prose literature that has come down to us from a remote past, and the literature created in the time of Hugh O'Neill and thereabouts, that the prose of O'Neill's time is often sad, sorrowful and melancholy, while the greater part of the prose of our ancient authors is full of joy and delight. That prose was created in the time of heroes who knew neither fear nor trembling, and who proposed to themselves to perform wondrous exploits and feats of bravery, and who accomplished these deeds with courage and

bíto na báirto aḡ cantain le rḡléip ir le fíri-binnear, aḡur líontair cioróe na n-uairle, iorir fear ir bean, le hátar le neart milreácta a ḡceoil. Ḥluairto ḡair-ḡiúig óáraáa air iuibál fá ḡearaib̃ cum rmaáct to cum air átaá mío-náiraeá éigin, nó cum bean uaral to míoíteáá ó óaoir-bhuir. Tá réan ir ronar air an oírí air far. Tá fuaim átar fú i oirrearaib̃ coimearḡair ir i ḡcoḡaó na lann inr na laetib̃ reo.

Áct anoir ir aírí, i mbeátaí na nḡairḡiúeáá ro, bíonn éácta tḡuairḡmíleáá 'nuair cumreann oíoc-mairtar ir fearig ir fíocmairaeáct míoḡ donar ir tubairt air cumaóaib̃; ir ní ḡan úir-rḡéaltaib̃ tḡuairḡmíleáá atá an aimreair reo—rḡéalta tḡairḡiúeááta fuinte ḡo oearreana, aḡur rlaáctuirḡte ḡo líom̃ta. Táto na rḡéalta ro aḡainn i nuao-eaḡair, áct ní fíoirir ḡan iuan na rean-aimirre to mótuḡaó inr na nóraib̃, na rmuaintib̃, ir na oíulib̃ cioróe ir̃ fú inr na foelaib̃ fén, ḡo móimóir inr na laoirótib̃ beaḡa atá anirio ir aniríto rḡairirḡte tríto ḡaá úir-rḡéal. Tḡáátaio tar aimirir i ná raib̃ eolar air laoirótib̃ lairne, ná air ceol na heaḡlaire, aḡur i n-a raib̃ oéite óá noéanaim to laoáaib̃ oiróearra. Táto na húir-rḡéalta ro, amáá, lán to áaire ir to tḡuairḡmíel, ir to fári-áneartaáct, i oirreio ná fuil a ráruḡaó le faḡbáil i mearḡ litruḡeááta na heorpa to'n aimirir éaáona. Ir iao ro na rḡéalta tḡuairḡe air ir fáárr atá aítne, “Oiróeáó Cloinne Lir,” “Oiróeáó Cloinne Uirniḡ,” ir “Oiróeáó Cloinne Tuireann.”

Óála “Oiróíó Cloinne Lir,” ní oóig linn ḡo

high spirit. Over-kings sit down to banquets and festivals and marriage feasts in beautiful halls ; the bards sing with rapture and true melody, and the hearts of the nobles, lords and ladies alike, are filled with delight at the sweetness of their music. Bold champions fare forth under *geasa* to bring some stubborn giant under subjection or to set a noble lady free from bondage. The whole land is happy and prosperous. There is a sound of joy even in the ranks of battle and in the strife of spears in these days.

But now and again in the lives of these heroes there are pathetic episodes when the mischief and wrath and cruelty of a king bring misfortune and misery on heroes, and this period is not wanting in romances of pathos, —tragic tales, beautifully conceived and finely finished. We have these tales in a modern form, but one cannot fail to perceive traces of the old times in the habits and modes of thought described, in the aspirations and even in the words themselves, especially in the little poems scattered here and there throughout each romance. They treat of a time in which there was no acquaintance with Latin Hymns or with Church music, and in which renowned heroes were being transformed to gods. These romances are full of tenderness and of pathos and of gentleness of spirit, so much so, that in this they are unsurpassed in the literatures of Europe of the same period. The pathetic tales which are best known, are “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” “The Fate of the Children of Uisneach,” and “The Fate of the Children of Tuireann.”

As regards “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” it has

mbuaiðeað muam ari ari ðruaiðmél náúrit̃a iʀ ari íom-
 áigeaœt neam-ðuibearaið. B́í ceat̃mari leañb mót̃-mair-
 eamail ađ Liri—t̃múri mac ađur m̃gean, ađur iʀ í an
 m̃gean lab̃mari doʀn ðuro eile i mũt an iʀgél. Iʀ geárii
 go b̃ruaii máčari na leañb iʀo bári, ađur ġuri pór Liri a
 oeaiðb̃múri ðoife. Fuat̃ann ðoife Clann Liri le fuat̃
 lear-máčari, ađur tagann toœt buile ađur éaða 'n-a
 oioœ-œm̃oide 'nuaii b̃mačann iʀi go otugann a feari feari
 a ðléib toíð, ađur ná cuip̃eann iʀé iʀp̃éi ná fuim innte
 iʀém. B́í fonn uir̃te iao to ðuri ðum bári, aœt nioi
 b̃'féiri ðoinne o'faðbáil ðum an ġníoim iʀin to oéanam.
 Le neari a éaða to ġeáriiðað iʀi iʀnáiœ a iʀaoğail le n-a
 láim iʀém, aœt go močuiðeann iʀi laiðe a tola iʀ tair̃e
 mnám̃ail. Ari an ġcuma iʀo iʀ cor̃m̃ail le m̃naoi m̃ic
 beir í, ġab̃ari a leat̃-iʀgéal iʀém nári buail iʀi buile
 millte ari Ouncan mari ġeall ari an ġcor̃maileat̃ to
 b́í aige le n-a hačari 'n-a ðot̃lað. M̃í'el i mbaoœ-ğlói
 mná m̃ic beir, ađur i n-a mói-iʀtoim o'foclaið ađ
 ġm̃ioiʀuğað a firi ðum ġníoim̃ariœ, aœt iariiaœt ari a
 laiðe iʀém to ðeilt.

Aœt nioi tair̃e o'ðoife. Lá ámũte ðuri iʀi na leim̃b
 ađ iʀnám ari loœ Ðaiðb̃ieaœ, ađur 'nuaii bíoðari 'iʀan
 uir̃ge o'air̃t̃m̃uğ iʀi 'n-a n-ealariœtið iao le neari oiaoið-
 eaœta. Anñfain iariiaio na healaiœte ðaonna iʀo ari a
 lear-máčari b̃fioœm̃ari iʀpár to ðuri le n-a ġc̃m̃arið-čár
 ađur to ðuri —

“Nó go ġcom̃iaçfarið an beañ i ñoeaʀ ađur an feari
 i ot̃uair̃ nó go iab̃taoi t̃m̃i éað b̃liaðan

never, perhaps, been surpassed for natural pathos and strange imaginativeness. Lir had four most beautiful children, three sons and a daughter, and it is the daughter that acts the spokeswoman for the others in the course of the narrative. The mother of the children soon died, and Lir married her sister Aoife. With a step-mother's hate does Aoife hate the children of Lir, and her bad heart is seized with a fit of frenzy and jealousy, when she suspects that her husband extends his soul's love to them and that he is neither interested nor concerned in herself. She intended to put them to death, but could find no one to commit that crime. Urged on by her jealousy she would herself cut the thread of their lives, but she perceives the weakness of her will and her womanly tenderness. In this wise she is like Lady Macbeth who excuses herself for not striking a deadly blow at Duncan, by alleging that he was like her father when he slept. Lady Macbeth's empty boastings and her storm of speech urging on Macbeth to the deed, are nothing but attempts to hide her own weakness.

But Aoife does not rest content. One day she put the children to bathe on Loch Dairbhreach and when they were in the water, she transformed them into swans by the power of magic. Then these human swans ask their cruel step-mother to put a period to their hard plight, and she put a period,—

“Until the woman from the south and the man from the north are united . . . until you shall

arí Loč Dairibíreac, agus trí céad bliadhán ar Spuic na Maóile, roim Éirinn agus Albain, agus trí céad bliadhán i nIorpiar Domhainn agus i nIorpiar Gluaise Bhréanain.”

Atá áit éigin le faḡbáil ar doíre. Ní cís léi anoir toíad a miorcaire do tógbáil oíob, aet lúigeathuigeann rí a gcuid aníóig com mór agus is féidir léi. Fágann rí aca a meabair daonna féin, agus a n-úirlabha Gaedilge féin, agus neart ceol do feinm com binn, com mílir rin ná féadfaid rluaiḡte fearḡaá, námaíreanla coólaó do féanaó dá fáil-éirteaó.

Is mó-ḡeáirí gur mothúgead amuis na páirtíde, agus oíaitin Lir 'n-a aignead féin gur iunnead léir-ḡḡuor oíta, agus éuaíó ré gan rtao go bhuacáib Loča Dairibíreac; agus inniur na healaíde daonna rian do gur bíad a cuí cloinne féin iad, agus ná fuil ré 'n-a gcumar an oíreac daonna do ḡlacad aílir. Trí Fionn-ḡuala an inḡean a labhair:—

“Ní fuil cumar aḡainn taob do tábairt ie aon tume fearda, aet atá ar n-úirlabha Gaedilge féin aḡainn, agus atá 'n-ar gcumar ceol ríir-éacáac do éantain, agus is leor do'n éinead daonna uile do fáram beic eirteaó leir an gceol rian; agus anad aḡainn anoét, agus canḡam ceol daob.”

Ní fuiláir do'n ceol ro beic mílir, roḡaá, do cuir ruan ar aḡair buaídearíta, éraíóte, is é aḡ féacaint ar beo-millead a ceatḡar leaib ór comar a ríul, agus is dear an cunnḡar rian úir-ḡḡeal ro ruan an aḡar go maíon le taob an fuar-loča úr. Níor bírta ó'n lá rian go

have been three hundred years upon Sruth na Maoile, between Erin and Alba and three hundred years at Iorras Domnann and Inis Gluaire Brendan."

But Aoife has some kindness left. She cannot now take from them the evil effects of her malice, but she diminishes their discomforts as much as she can. She leaves to them their own human reason and their own Irish speech and the power of discoursing music so sweetly, so melodiously, that angry, hostile armies could not refrain from sleep while listening attentively to it.

In a short time the children were missed, and Lir felt in his own mind that destruction had been wrought on them, and he proceeded without halt to the shores of Loch Dairbhreach, and these human swans inform him that they are his own children, and that it is not in their power to go back to their human shapes again. It is the daughter, Fionnghuala, who speaks :—

"We have not power to associate with any person henceforth, but we have our own Irish Language, and we have power to chant wondrous music, and listening to that music is quite sufficient to satisfy the whole human race; and stay ye with us this night and we will discourse music for you."

That music must of necessity be sweet and soothing which put to slumber a sad and troubled father, who beheld the living ruin of his four children before his eyes, and it is a beautiful episode in this romance, that the father sleeps till morning beside that cold lake.

οτάινις οίογαλταρ κόιη αι δοιφε, μαηι ο'αιρτιυζ βοοῦβ
 Θεαρτζ λε οηαιοῦεαῖτ ι ζο θεαῖηαν αειη.

Αζυρ ανοιρ τορμυζεανη παοζαλ τοιῖβ, βηόηαῖ να η-έαν
 πο. Βα ὀοηα αν τηεο βί οηῖα αι Ῥοῖ Θεηηῖηεαῖ, αῖτ
 ανηηαιη το ῑιζ Ῥεο α ζαῖηιθε ο'αζαλλαιη, αζυρ ceol το
 ῖειηηη το ῑηηηεαῖ ῖῬηαιζτε ῑηη ῖηαιη. Αῖτ βί α ῖε
 καῖττε, αζυρ το β'είζεαν τοῖβ τοῖ ῑηη αοιζεαῖτα αι
 Σηυῖτ ηα Ῥαοιῖε. Β'έαῖταῖ ε αν ανηιό αζυρ αν ῑηαῖ-
 ταν ο'ῖῬηαιηζεαῖαι ο ῖηοῖ, ο β'αιρτιζ, ιη ο ζ'αιηῖβ-ῖηοη,
 αζυρ ιη β'ηεάζ α ῖοιῖῬηηζῖτεαι ε ῖηαν ῑηη-ῖζεαῖ.

“Cιὸ τηά αῖτ τάινις ηεαῖοη οηῖῖε ῑῖῖα, αζυρ το ῑηηηη
 αν ζ'αοῖ ῖε, αζυρ το ῖηεαῖηηζεαῖαι ηα τοηηηα α οτῖηεαῖαν
 αζυρ α οτοῖηηάη, αζυρ το Ῥοηηηαιζ τεηηε ζεαῖάη, αζυρ
 τάινις ῖζηαβαῖ ζ'αιηῖβ-ανῖαιῖ αι ῖαο ηα ῖαιηηηζε, ιοηηηαι
 ζηηη ῖζ'αιηαῖαι Clanna Ῥηη λε ῑέῖῖε αι ῖεαῖ οηα ῖηα ῖοῖ-
 ηηαηα, αζυρ τηζαῖ ῖεαῖῖάη αν ῑηαιη ῑηηη-ῖεαῖαιη οηηα,
 ζο ηαῖ ῖεαῖαιη ηεαῖ οῖοῖ ῑα ῖῖηζε, ηό ῑα ῑοηαιη α
 ηεαῖαῖο αν ῑηηο εῖῖε.”

Σηῖ αι ῖάζαῖαι Σηυῖτ ηα Ῥαοιῖε το ῖηαηηαῖαι ηαῖαηε
 εῖῖε αι α ζαηηαῖο, αζυρ ιη έαῖταῖ αν ῖζεαῖ ηά τάινις
 αοη ηά βάρ αι Ῥηη ηά αι α ῑοηῖῖαῖτ λε ῑεαῖταῖβ
 βῖηαῖοη. Ιηη αν παοζαλ πο ι η-α ηαιηηο, τά οηαιοῦεαῖτ
 αι ζαῖ ηηῖ, ιη ηί ῑαζαηη αοη ηά θεαῖαιη ηά ζαῖαι αι ῑῖη
 ηά αι ὀαοηηῖβ. Ηῖῖ ῖηαν τηαοζαλ πο αι ῖαο αῖτ ῖῖοη-ὀιζε,
 ιη ηαιηε, ιη ῑηη-β'ηεάζῖταῖ.

Ῥαι β'ῖαζβ'αῖῖ Σηοῖτα ηα Ῥαοιῖε ὀὀῖβ το ῑηηαῖαι α
 η-αζ'αιῖ αι Ῥοηηηαι Ὀοηηηαιηη, αζυρ ιη ανηηο το ῑαηαῖ
 οηῖα ὀιζ-ῖεαι το ῑηη ῖῖοη ῑηηηηαι α η-έαῖτ, αζυρ ῖεη
 ῖὀ-ῑαῖηηζ ηηῖηεαῖτ α ηζοῖτα, αζυρ ιη τηζῖτα ῖά θεαηα

Not long after that date a just vengeance came on Aoife, as Bodhbh Dearg transformed her by means of magic into a demon of the air.

And now the sad, sorrowful life of these birds begins. Sad was their plight on Loch Dairbhreach, yet, there they could converse with their friends and discourse music which put hosts to sleep. But now their time was due, and they must perforce take up their abode at Sruth na Maoile. Surprising was the labour and hardship they underwent by reason of the frost, the rain and the inclement weather, and beautifully are these troubles described in the romance.

“Now, when midnight came upon them and the wind came down with it and the waves grew in violence and in thundering force, and the livid lightnings flashed and gusts of hoarse tempest swept along the sea, then the children of Lir separated from one another and were scattered over the wide sea, and they strayed from the extensive coast so that none of them knew what way or path the others wandered.”

Before they left Sruth na Maoile they beheld their friends once again, and it is strange that neither age nor death came upon Lir and his party, though hundreds of years had passed. In this world in which they live, everything is under the spell of magic, nor age nor trouble nor disease comes on land or people. In this world there is only perennial youth, and beauty and loveliness.

When they left Sruth na Maoile they proceeded to Iorras Domnann and here they fell in with a youth who wrote an account of their adventures, and who was delighted with the sweetness of their voices, and it is to

ḡur annam ḡluarann uimairḡte an céad uair ó
béal Fionnghuala, agus go n-iarrann sí ar a deari-
briátraib ḡillead do'n t-aon Dia. Tar éir a otriéimre
beir cairte annam fillio cum Sí Fionnachair, mar
ar briátaoir go mbead

“Lir go n-a teaḡlad, agus a munnatar uile,” adt
“ir anlaíod fuairadar an baile fár folam ar a ḡcionn,
ḡan adt maol-ráda ḡlara agus doirlead neannta ann,
ḡan tigh, ḡan teme, ḡan treib.”

Fá deirlead teaḡmuisio leir na Crioirtuóitib, agus
fillio ar a ḡciut daonna air. Adt do éir na bliadanta
oita, agus ir cionna, foirbte, fann na sean-daime iad
anoir. Bairtear iad, agus tuirio i ráim-choolaó an báir.

Ir dóig linn-ne ná fuil rḡeal le faḡbáil i iut na
litirḡeada ḡaeoilḡe com héadta, com lionḡanta le
“hOréad Clonne Lir.” Triáctann ré ar léir-buirlead
na nóir nÉireanna do táinig le teadt na Crioirt-
uóeada. Cuireann ré i n-uimail túinn náir éirḡio an
Crioirtuóeadt 'n-ar oitir mar fár na haon-oitce, adt
ḡur mall-céimead, neam-taparó do focuis sí 'n-ar
meaḡ. Ir é éalluisḡeann an fárad do fuairadar na
hém pompa ar a bfilliad cum baile ná mead na nóir
bráḡana ir oirioeada, agus an deirir móir do bí iuir
an Sean-faoḡal agus an Saoḡal Nuad i nÉirinn. Ir é
éalluisḡeann an túil do bí aḡ na héanaib daonna ro
ḡillead do Crioirtuóeadt ná ullmaadt nádúirta na
túitce cum an crieveam ceap do ḡlacad. Ir an
buardeap réir do táinig oita ná na héadta nádúirta

be noticed that it is there for the first time that prayers escape from the lips of Fionnghuala, and that she asks her brothers to believe in the one God. When their period is spent here they return to Sith Fionnachadh, where they expected to find

“Lir with his household and all his people,” but “they only found the place a desert and unoccupied before them, with only uncovered green raths and thickets of nettles there, without a house, without a fire, without a place of abode.”

At length they fall in with Christians and they return to their human shape once more. But the years had told on them and now they are old, weak and withered. They are baptized, and sink into the quiet sleep of death.

It seems to us that there is no tale to be found in Irish Literature so strange, so wonderful as that of “The Fate of the Children of Lir.” It deals with the breaking up of Irish customs that took place on the coming in of Christianity. It reminds us that Christianity did not spring up in our land as a mushroom growth, but that it is with a slow and steady step it advanced and settled down amongst us. The desert the birds found on their return signifies the decay of pagan and druidical customs and the vast difference that existed between the Old World and the New in Erin. The desire of believing in Christianity evinced by these human birds signifies the natural aptitude of the country for accepting the true faith, and even the very hard-

ships they were subjected to signify the natural calamities that prepared the people for the acceptance of the new doctrine. In the beginning of the tale we get a glimpse of the Erin of the druids and its joys and delights, its valour and high-spiritedness. It is a veritable paradise that is set before our eyes, but evil passions break out, and through their means this paradise is converted into a desert. Only sorrow and trouble and loneliness dwell there, while amid the loneliness and trouble of the land there is heard the music of Christianity as gentle, as sweet as the voice of the cuckoo at the dawn of Summer. At first little heed is paid to this music, but after a little time the church bells awaken echo from glen and cave throughout the whole country.

Perhaps also there is some resemblance in this story to the slavery undergone by the four provinces of Erin under the tyranny of the foreigners, when no trace of their natural existence was left them, but their native speech and their own delicious music.

“The Fate of the Children of Uisneach” is a deep melancholy bloody tragedy, founded on pitiless treachery. It has the characteristics of the romances, though it is based on historic truth, and we have historic knowledge of some of the characters we meet in it. Besides, it is closely connected with two other splendid romances.

Conchubhar, King of Ulster, was feasting in the house of his historian, and to the historian a daughter is born. Cathbad, the druid, declares in prophecy that she

míó-ás ír milleaó ar Cúigeaó Ulaó ar fad, agus tugann
fé Dóiríope mar ainm uirte. Órnuigítear í do cónḡbáil
fá leit i nḡaltaáar, agus ar moctain aoire mná ói,
labhrann sí go mínaó ar an maire tob'áil léi beir ar an
bfeair do pórraó sí. Dóirítear léi go bfuil a leitéir
rim o'óig-feair i ḡcúirt an míóḡ. Teagmar le céile,
agus éalungro arson go hAlban, agus téir beirt
dearbhrááar naoire le n-a cóir. Tagann míó-ḡuam-
near ar an míḡ, i nḡiaró na mná maireamla, agus
larann a éiríde cum oíḡaltar do baint ar na
cuiraóib. Aó cia bairfeair an oíḡaltar fain oíob?
Ní hé Cú Cúlaimn ná Conall Ceáinaó, aó atá á
éirín le fásbáil ar fearḡur Mac Róig, agus cuirítear
go hAlban é dá n-iarriaró.

Tornuigeannt truaigiméil an ḡḡéil i ḡceairt nuair do
ḡmíorann an t-ás naoire tré nearit tír-ḡmáóa cum
ḡluairéaó a baile, ír ḡan toiraó do beir aige ar
atáirít ná ar báḡairít Dóiríope. Cum naoire ionntaóib
i bfeairḡur, agus do meallaó é. Ní oíḡ go bfuil i
litruḡeaó aon ḡtáir ír bḡónaige agus ír doilbe ná
beo-cumne Dóiríope as fásbáil na hAlban oi:—

“ Mo éion oir a tír úr ḡoir, agus ír mó-olc liom tú
o'fásbáil, oir ír aoibinn do éuain agus do éalaó-ḡuirít
agus do maḡa mion-ḡoááa, caom-áilne, agus do túlca
taiteamáa, taob-uaine, agus ír beas do léigearmar
a leir tú o'fásbáil.”

Agus annair leanann laoiró beo-éaointe, dubḡónaó,
uaigneaó. Ní léir-tairḡairéaó labhar Dóiríope, aó

would bring misfortune and the destruction of the entire province of Ulster, and he gives her the name of Deirdre. Directions are given that she be kept apart in fosterage, and when she grows up to woman's estate, she speaks cryptically of the beauty she should desire in the man who would be her husband. She is informed that such a youth is to be found in the king's court. They meet, and both escape to Alba, and Naoise's two brothers go along with him. Unrest seizes the king through the absence of the comely woman and his soul lights up to take vengeance on the heroes. But who will thus avenge them? Not Cuchulainn or Conall Cearnach! But Feargus Mac Roigh shows signs of weakness and he is accordingly sent to Alba to fetch them.

The pathos of the tale begins in earnest when Fate urges Naoise through love of country to return home, disregarding the entreaties or the threats of Deirdre. Naoise trusts to Feargus and is deceived. There is not, perhaps, in literature, any passage more sad and melancholy than the live-lament Deirdre chants as she is leaving Alba:—

“My love to thee O Land of the East, and distressed am I at leaving thee, for delightful are thy harbours and havens, and thy pleasant smooth-flowered plains. and thy lovely green-browed hills, and little need was there for us to leave thee.”

And then follows a sorrowful, lonely lay of live-lamentation. Deirdre does not speak in open prophecy,

ir geall le tairngaireacht oíoch-aimharr a cioróe:—

“Do éiríonn néal ’ran aer aghur ir néal folá é, aghur do béarfaíonn comairle mairt óaoib-ye, a Clóinn Uirniú.”
ar í, “dul go Dún Dealgan, mar a bfuil Cú Cúlaimh, nó go scaitir Feairghur an fleanó, aghur beir ar comairce Con Cúlaimh, ar eagla ceilge Concubair.”

Acht ní tugadó géilleadó si, amair do cúir luét na Triae neamh-íuim i mairtíob Capanora.

“Ó naó bfuil eagla oíaimh, ní óéanfaíó an comairle rin.” ar Naóire.

Acht téiróeann a oíoch-aimharr i léir aghur i nóime:—

“A Clóinn Uirniú, atá comairce agham-ra óaoib-ye, má tá Concubair ar tí feille do óéanam oíaimh.”

Aghur tagann an comairce rin cum cinn, aghur deir í, “Do b’féarí mo comairle-ye do óéanam fá gan teacht go h-Éirinn.”

‘Sé bun na triaigíóeacta an neamh-íuim do cúir Clann Uirniú i n-atcáiríob Óéiríre. Aghur anoir tá ríad greamuigíte i oíú na Cíaoib Ruairde, aghur tor-nuigéann an t-áir. Ní féirí Naóire féir do íáruigad ar óiróact:—

“Aghur nó go n-áiréamtar gamhí mara, nó duille feadó, nó oíúct for féar, nó méalta neime, ní féirí míoim ná áiréam a mair do éannair cúrad aghur caí-mílead aghur do méadadair maola-óearga ó lámair Naóire ar an látar rin.”

Acht ní fáirta ’n-a h-aighead bí Óéiríre:—

“Dair mo lámh, ir buadac an tuir rin do mugead lib. aghur ir oic an comairle do mugeabair taobad le Concubair go bíat.”

but her soul's suspicions resemble prophecy.

"I behold a cloud in the sky and it is a cloud of blood, and I would tender you a good advice, O Sons of Uisneach," she says "that you go to Dun Delgan where Cuchulainn is, until Feargus has partaken of the feast, and that you abide under the protection of Cuchulainn through fear of Conchubhar's deceit."

But her words were disregarded just as the Trojans disregarded the words of Casandra.

"As we are not afraid we will not follow that advice," says Naoise.

But her suspicion of evil becomes clearer and its expression more vehement:—

"Sons of Uisneach, I have a sign for you as to whether Conchubhar intends to practise treachery against you."

And the sign she gives comes to pass, and she says,

"It would have been better to follow my advice and not come to Erin."

The disregard of the Sons of Uisneach for Deirdre's entreaties is the foundation of the tragedy. And now they are held close in the Red Branch House, and the slaughter begins. Naoise himself is unsurpassed for bravery.

"And till the sands of the sea or the leaves of the woods or dewdrops on the grass or the stars of heaven are numbered, one cannot count or reckon what number there was of heads of heroes, of warriors and of bare red necks from the hands of Naoise on that spot."

But Deirdre is uneasy in her mind.

"By my hand, victorious was that sally which you made—and evil was your resolve ever to put your trust in Conchubhar."

Ánoir léimio tair na ballairib, ir beirio Déirioie leo, agus beirir faoi ar Concubair go briat muna mbeaó gur cuir an triaoi, as géilleaó do'n mág, coris le n-a gcrodaót. Tuirio Clann Uirniú, agus éasann Déirioie ar uair Naoire. Mallaótuigeann an triaoi Eamain, agus tarngairiann ré ná beirí rlioót Concubair go briat i Ríogaót Ulaó.

'San úir-rgeal ro ir léir gur b'é oibhuigaó an áis cinnte cloó-bun na triaigíreácta. Tugtar iarríáct ar an t-áig faoi do réanaó, agus Déirioie dá bairiur gan faoiriann ar Naoire, ir dá óemhuigaó, áct ní géilleann Naoire dá glóir. Fíor-fáir do b'eaó ar uairib an triaoi, áct comlíonann ré réin mórián dá tarngairiáct, agus ir deallriannac ná riab ríor aise go millíreáó an Rí Clann Uirniú 'nuair do bain ré le triaoiríreáct a gcumar ríob. Áct tair éir a n-éasa, rilleann an tarngairiáct airí air. Ir éáctaé é cumáct an triaoi 'ran rgeal ro, a neair tarngairiácta agus cumar móir-cuirióe do leagaó; áct cioó cumáctaé é an triaoi, ní'l ré 'n-a cúmar, an t-áig do círeann ré go ríora as teaót, do fáruigaó.

Ní'l rliúe agann cum crioó-rgaioleáó do óéanain ar "Oiríreáó Cloinne Tuiriann," áct ir í an ionntaioib do bí aca ar an mág do óall an crioóe aca, ir do cuir ar a gcumar an t-áig do bí mómpa do réanaó.

And now they leap over the ramparts, and they bear Deirdre with them, and they would have escaped Conchubhar for evermore, did not the druid stay their valour in obedience to the king. The Sons of Uisneach fall, and Deirdre dies on the grave of Naoise. The druid curses Emhain and foretells that the descendants of Conchubhar will never reign in Ulster.

In this romance it is obvious that the working of certain fate is the foundation of the tragedy. An effort is made to avoid this fate and Deirdre is incessantly threatening Naoise with it, and drawing attention to it, but Naoise heeds not her voice. The druid was at times a real prophet, but he himself fulfils much of his prophecy, and it is likely that he did not know that the king would destroy the Sons of Uisneach when he deprived them of their strength by magic. But after their death his prophetic soul returns to him. Wonderful is the power of the druid in this romance; great his gift of prophecy, and his capability of overthrowing great heroes; but powerful as is the druid, it is not given to him to avert the fate which he sees coming on.

We have not space to remark upon "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann," but it is their trust in the king that blinded their hearts and that rendered them powerless to avoid the fate that was in store for them.

an séiseaó h a l t.

na hannála.

Do rḡrḡbada a lán do ḡrḡr álainn 'ran reachtmaó haoir oéas, go móir-móir 'n-a topac. Cioó go bfuil “Annála Ríogácta Éireann” 'n-a ḡrḡmme ar an núbtaíḡ ar fad, ó céas-ḡabáil na tíre, ir iomda rḡéal ḡreannmair, ir iomda tuairḡḡ caḡa ir cunnar ar earbog, ir ar rcoláire le faḡbáil ionnta, go móir-móir 'ran ḡcuro ir oéirdeanaíḡe oíob. Ir fíoir ḡuir tóḡaó an cúro ir mó dor na hannálaib ó fcan-leabhairb ná fuil aḡainn anoir, aḡur ḡuir lean na huḡḡarir fcan-ḡaint na leabair ro, ir ḡuir rḡrḡbadair fém i ḡcaint aróbéireac, árra, neam-ḡoitḡiann, ná tuirḡirde anoir ḡan ouaó, acḡ 'n-a oíaró rin, ir minic a rḡrḡbann ríac le bríḡ ir fimmearm ar ḡḡaróib ir ar ḡreacáib, ir ar an-bḡuro na h-Éireann. Ir oóíḡ ná fuil aḡ aon ḡrḡóḡ 'ran uoimā an oircaḡ rāin fcanḡair ir rḡéal ir beaḡaó naom ir flait, an oircaḡ rāin tráḡḡa tar ḡac ar ḡaib an tír, ir ar ḡac faḡar neite bí le faḡbáil ann—ar a huḡḡarairb ir ar a laocḡairb, curḡa i noiaró a céile ó'n otopac, bliaḡain i noiaró bliaḡna ir atá le faḡbáil mī na hannálaib reo, ó teacḡ ḡaerair oá fíḡro lá mōim an oíle go oḡí an bliaḡain 1616, o'aoir ḡrḡort.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANNALS.

There was a large amount of beautiful prose written in the seventeenth century, especially at the commencement. Although “The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland” are a chronicle of the entire country, from the first occupation of its land, there are many pleasant stories, many accounts of battles, and notices of bishops and scholars to be found in them, especially in the latter portion of them. It is true that the greater portion of the Annals were selected from old books which we do not now possess, and that the authors preserved the quaint old style of these books, and that they themselves wrote in a strange, antiquated, uncommon style, which would not be understood nowadays without difficulty; nevertheless, they often write with force and vigour on the battles, the spoils, and the slavery of Ireland. No country in the world, perhaps, possesses so much history and legend, so much of the lives of saints and princes, so much notice of what befel the country, and of all things it possessed, of its writers and heroes, so much of all these things, I say, arranged consecutively from the beginning, year after year, as is to be found in these Annals, from the arrival of Cæsair, forty days before the flood, to the year 1616 of the Christian era.

It was in Donegal that this great work was compiled in the Convent of the Friars who entertained and waited on the authors, and there these Annals were completed in the year 1636. Michael O'Clery himself says that it was on the 22nd day of the month of January, 1632, this book was commenced in the Convent of Donegal, and that "it was completed in the same convent on the 10th day of August, 1632." This work is often called "The Annals of the Four Masters," and these are Michael O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Cucogry O'Clery and Fearfeasa O'Mulconry. Michael was a brother of the Order of Saint Francis and he was usually called Tadhg-of-the-mountain. He was born in the year 1575 beside Ballyshannon in the County of Donegal. He was a hereditary chronicler, and never was there a chronicler in Ireland who compiled more of her history and of the lives of her saints, than this poor friar. For it was he who wrote the following books:— "The Succession of Kings" and "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" (1630), "The Book of Invasions" (1631), and in addition to these he wrote a new glossary in which he explained many difficult words in the old authors. Harris says he died in the year 1643. Michael's own style was simple and pretty, as is shown in the preface to the Annals he wrote for Ferghal O'Gara.

Cucogry O'Clery, another of the Masters, was chief of the tribe of the O'Clerys who were in Tyrconnell.

do bí i oTíri Conaill. Do rghíob ré, i oteannta na
 n-Annála, “Beata Aoða Ruaró Uí Dóinnail,” agus i
 ar an leabair sam a tógtaí a lán do’n cúro oirpeannais
 doir na n-Annálaib. Obair álainn, fúinneamail i ead
 “Beata Aoða Ruaró.” Níl ré ar moó na n-Annála,
 aót curta le céile le brí, i le taat ó túir go
 oirpead. Ní húi-rghéal, leir, é, aót rghéal fúinte le
 ceaptar, rghéal áir i r fola i caúghe, rghéal írlighe
 na hÉiríann, i a curta i n-anbair. Tá caint an
 leabair reo áir go leir, agus a lán rean-focal i
 mairte le rghéal an ná tuiscaó anoir aót aínin luét
 léiginn. Tá an caint, leir, carra go leir, agus móirán
 oi do-tuisce. Atáir na ranna mó-fada, agus an ioma
 buad-focal i n-oir a céile ionnta, aót ’n-a oir
 rin i r fúinneamail, bunadara atá an caint an. agus
 anoir i anoir atá rí ar lara le tear-aighead na
 bráir i na bfilead.

Ag reo an tuairis a tuisann an t-uighe rí ar cozaó
 Earra Ruaró —

“Do beaprat íarom an uchbairne for an rlighe na
 garbhannann nannmenen 7 mo bai do tpeir 7 do
 tpeirneir hi rruith na reanabann (aínail mo ba bér
 oi), 7 oaineatarghairde na oirum leice oirbairne
 mar conair coitcinn do tpeirleog 7 oir oirneir 7 do
 aólaige na rgaill tearbar aibearra bit gur mo barit
 ile oia rreairib oia mnáib oia neachair agus oia
 ceaprib, go rreir tpeiran an tpeirha i fúinneam Earra
 Ruaró iat, 7 arirde rrair gur an mair móir.”

Besides the Annals, he wrote a "Life of Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell" and from this book a large amount of the Annals is taken. "The Life of Hugh Ruadh" is a beautiful and vigorous work. It is not in the style of the Annals, but composed with force and vividness from beginning to end. Neither is it a romance but a story told with truth and propriety, a story of slaughter and blood and sorrow, the story of the downfall of Ireland and her bringing into bondage. The style of this book is rather archaic, and there are many antiquated words and phrases in it which only the learned would understand now. The construction is, too, rather involved and much of it hard to follow. The sentences are too long, and too many adjectives are placed consecutively in them, yet the language is forceful and vigorous, and here and there it blazes up with the fire of the seer and the poet.

It is thus the author describes the Battle of Assarœ :—

"They then breasted that fierce unwonted torrent and on account of the strength and power of the current of the river (as was usual with it) and the difficulty of the very smooth surface of the flags as a common passage for the great host, and, moreover, from the weakness and feebleness of the foreigners, through want of a due supply of food, many of the men, women, steeds and horses were drowned, and the strength of the current bore them into the depths of Assarœ and thence westward to the ocean."*

* The text of extract from "Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell" is taken from Father Murphy's edition.

b'é Dubaltaic Mac Fíribíriú an ríoláir ba d'ei-
eannaiúe do cúirí gmealaic na t'ieab n'Éiríeannac i
n-easair le ríoir-íogluim. Do iugac é i Leacan Mhic
Fíribíriú i gContae Sligiú, timcheall na bliain 1585.
Bí a íntear iomíe 'n-a gceimicíob, agus ír le
ceann aca do ríríobac ír do cuireac le céile "Leabair
Lecan" agus "Leabair Buíde Lecan." Do hoileac
Dubaltaic 'ran Múinín fá Múinntirí Aodagáin, agus
fá Múinntirí Daibíon, agus do éirí ré úmóir dá
íadgaíl fáda as cúirí le céile gac ar ían an t'íac ían
do gmealaicíob na h'Éiríeann. Ó'n mbliain 1645 go
1650, bí ré 'ran Gailíin, i gColáirte S. Niccol, as
cúirí le céile a móir-obair, "Craoba Coibneara agus
Genelúg Gaca Gabála dáir gailí Éiríe ó'n Amra go
h'Adáin." 'San Gailíin do bí caríeann aige ar Ruirí
Ua Flatairíac agus ar uígar "Cambrensis Eversus,"
agus ír móirí an congnáin do t'us ré d'óibí aiaon. 'N-a
d'íarí íon do bí ré ar tuairíacal as Sírí íamer Uairíe,
as airtíuúgac agus as léirí-míuúgac na íeann-uígar
n'gaeíealaic go háir Uairíe, 'ran mbliain 1666. Do
maríbac Dubaltaic 'n-a íeannuine 'ran mbliain 1670,
i gContae Sligiú, ír n'íoir éiríob a leiríeíre do ríoláiríe
i n'Éiríuinn ó íom go h'aimíirí Eogáin Ua Comíaríe.

Dála móirí-oiríe Dubaltaic ar gmealaic na h'Éiríeann,
ír íu an t-ainm do cúirí ré uiríe do ríríobac go h'iom-
lán, óir íoilíreann ré d'íuinn bun na hoiríe íon, mar
do éeap aigíeac Dubaltaic é. As íeo an t-ainm;—

Dudley Mac Firbis was the latest scholar who arranged the genealogies of the Irish tribes with thorough knowledge. He was born in Leacan Mic Firbis, in the County Sligo, about the year 1585. His ancestors before him were chroniclers, and it was by one of them that "The Book of Lecan" and "The Yellow Book of Lecan" was compiled and written. Dudley was educated in Munster under the Mac Egans and the O'Davorens, and he spent the greater part of his long life in putting together what remained at that time of the genealogies of Ireland. From the year 1645 to the year 1650 he was at Galway at the College of St. Nicholas compiling his great work "The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Tribe that invaded Ireland from the present time up to Adam." At Galway he became acquainted with Roger O'Flaherty and with the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," and great was the assistance which he rendered to both. After that he was hired by Sir James Ware, for translating and explaining the old Irish authors, up to Ware's death in the year 1666. Dudley was murdered in his old age in the year 1670, in the County of Sligo, and so great a scholar did not appear in Ireland till the time of Eoghan O'Curry.

As regards Dudley's great work on Irish Genealogies, it is well to write in full the title he gave it himself, as it reveals to us the object of the work as the mind of Dudley conceived it. This is the title he gave it :—

“Criaoba coibneara agus zeuga geneluis gacla gabála tóirí gab éiríe ó’n amra go hAdam (aet Fomoriais, Loelannais, agus Saasail amán, lámam ó tanḡadair tóirí tóirí) go naomhfeanchar agus méim míoḡmaíde foḡla fóir agus fá óeóis cláir na ceumriḡtear iar nuir aibḡiríe na rlointe agus na háite oirdearica luaiter iir leabairíe do teaghlomáó leir an Dubaltaó Mac Fíribhíḡ leacain. 1650.”

Tar éirí éaga an Dubaltais, ní maib fear i nÉirinn as a maib eolair cinnte ar fean-oligḡtib na hÉiríeann, nó as a maib neart focail toirca na fean-uḡdar do criaobḡrḡaoileáó. Ba móir an méala é gan amhar, agus i náríeac an rḡeal le n-aíḡir ná tagriann Siir Iamer Uaire maib tó am, cióó gur iomḡa fean-rḡmḡbinn toirca t’airḡmḡ ré ar ḡaeóilḡ tó, i r gur móir an conḡnam do tḡr ré tó cum a leabairíe do cúir le céile i r do ceairḡḡaó. Filleann an feanchar ar féim. Fear eile mar an Dubaltaó do b’eaó Eoḡan Ua Coiríde. Ní maib fear eile i nÉirinn as a maib an oirdear rair eolair ar fean-lirḡḡeacḡ na hÉiríeann i r ar a fean-oligḡtib. I r iomḡa lá do cáir ré as rḡmḡaó leabairíe car-toirca na noliḡte: do fúir ré an tḡaó, i r fúair tḡome eile an clú.

Atá oet nó naor n-oirdearica eile, bunadaraóa nó airt-rḡmḡbḡa ó lám an Dubaltais, Sanarám. 7c. Ní’l i leabhairíe an Dubaltais móir do rḡmḡ bḡmḡmair, aet ta an oirdear rair léirínn ionnta naó ceair i r do óearímaó ná do léirḡean i bḡailḡḡe.

“The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Colony that took possession of Erin from the present time up to the time of Adam, (except the Fomorians, the Lochlanns and the Sax-Normans, only so far as they are connected with the History of our own Country,) together with the Genealogies of the Saints and the Succession of the Kings of Ireland. And finally a Table of Contents in which are arranged in Alphabetical order the Surnames and Noted Places which are mentioned in this Book which was compiled by Dudley Mac Firbis of Lecain in the year 1650.”

After the death of Dudley there was no one in Ireland who had an accurate knowledge of the old laws of Erin, or who could explain the difficult words of the old authors. He was unquestionably a great loss, and it is shameful to have to relate that Sir James Ware never mentions his name, though many are the old obscure texts he translated from Irish for him, and though much was the assistance he gave him to compile his works. History repeats itself. Another such man as Dudley was Eoghan O'Curry. There was no other man in Ireland who possessed so much knowledge of the ancient literature of Erin and of her ancient laws. Many a day did he spend investigating the difficult, intricate, obscure books of the laws. He underwent the labour and others reaped the fame.

There are eight or nine other works original or copied in Mac Firbis's hand, glossaries and such like. There is not in Dudley's books much forceful prose, but they contain so much learning that they should not be forgotten or neglected.

an seachtm aó h a l t.

seachtúin céitinn.

Níl aon ughar do mune an oiréad le Céitinn cum léigeanh i r lictuigeaó do congbáil beo i meafg na noaoimead, go móir-móir doaoine leaóta mloḡa. Níor b'eaó gur rcoib Seachtúin reanóar mó-beaó, mó-éinnite, aó gur éinn r é le céile i n-aon bolg amáin na tuairgíde do bí le faḡbáil ar Éirinn m r na rean-leabhaib. Ní maib tuairgí eile le faḡbáil com veap, com fuinnite i r do leaó r é ar fuair na tíre. Ní maib doinne 'n-a rcoláiríe roḡanta ná maib eolar aige ar rtaí Céitinn, i r ní maib criochnuḡaó véanta ar rcoláiríe i rcoil go mbeaó macraimail véanta aige do'n "bfoiar feara." I meafg na otaóac rimplíde ní leomfaó doinne amíar do éinn ar an gcuinnitar tughann Céitinn ar ḡabáil na hÉiríeann le Paictolan, i r leir an gcuir eile do'n tpeib rin tar leari. Ní leomfaó doinne réanaó gur crioimead ḡaeóeal ḡlar le naóar nime, i r gur éneapuiḡ Maoir a éneaó 'ran Éiript le feartaib Dé. Bíodair na doaoine realbuiḡte o'fíunne na rḡéal rann, i r bí a n-uir-móir 'n-a mbéal aca, i r ní maib oán ná laoir ḡan tagairt éirín oir na móir-ḡairgíóib ar ar tmaó Céitinn. I r oíḡ linn muna mbeaó gur rḡríobáó an "foir feara" ná beaó cuinne na rean-amíre, ná ainmeaó na rean-plait, ná éaóta na leomian leaó com

CHAPTER VII.

GEOFFREY KEATING.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished, till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt, by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have

abairt i n-aigheas na n-daimeas i b'íodair leic-éas
bliadán ó fóin.

I r fíor, go veimín, go maib na neite reo i leabhairb
eile ar ar tóg Seachtúin ias, aét ní'l uir-móir doir na
leabhairb reo le fagbáil i n-oir. Do cáilleamair ias, i r
tá an "Fóruir Feara" 'n-ar mearf, gan focal, gan
lirir ag teartabáil uair. Tamall ó fóin i r ar éigin
do bí tuine uairal i gCúigeas Muman ná maib a mac-
raimail do'n "Fóruir Feara" go ceanaimail i gcoméas
aige. Bí ré ag na daimeib bocta com mair leir na
huairib. I r cuimín linn féin fígeasóir boct do mair
i n-lairtair Ciarraige, náir móir i r teannta dóctair na
hoirde do bí 'n-a feilb, do tairbeáin dom a macraimail
do Céitinn go ceanaimail, carra i linn-éasac, i r gan
oul ag páirte b'ieit air, ná díogbáil ar bit do déanam
dó. Ba geall le leabair naimeas é ar a mear, i r níoir
díomáom do bí an leabair rain, mar i r blarta cuimín
do bí tuairir ag gac leatanaic de i gceann an fígea-
sóir, agus ba deacair áiteam air go maib focal aét
fíunne 'ran méir do fíuob Céitinn ar Fennuir Feara,
ar íaritolan, i r an cuir eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn
fóir i mearf daimeas náir léig, i r ná feacair maib a
cuir raotair. I r díog leir a lán go maib omardeac
éigin ar an tuine, nó gur ó neam do táinig ré cum
cunntar ar rean do tairbit dúinn. Ní móir an t-iongnas
gur éirir na daime náir tuine daonna Seachtúin. Do
tairb gaila do b'eas é, aét 'n-a uair rin bí ré uir
Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis. Catoliceac ó éirir amac

been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity,

Saḡaric, Doctúirí Diaḡácta do b'eaḡ é. Fearí léiḡeannta i Laitim iḡ i leabhairí na n-Aitíreac do b'eaḡ é, iḡ éait ré a lán dá f'aoḡal 'ran b'f'p'ainc. Aḡt 'nuairí o'f'ill ré a baile tuḡ ré é féin fuar ar f'ao o'obairí na hEaḡlaire le oíḡairí ionḡantaisḡ ḡuḡ cuiread m'uaḡairic reat'a air, iḡ ḡuḡ b'éiḡean doḡ oul i b'p'olac i ḡcumairí o'oilb i nḡleann Eaḡairíac. Iḡ é an muo iḡ ionḡantaisḡe i mbeat'airí Seacmúin ḡo b'fuairí ré uain iḡ caoi air na leabhairí do t'ear-tuisḡ uairí i ḡcóiḡ a f'eanc'air, do baileuḡad an f'airí do bí f'án iḡ m'uaḡairic air. Do f'uibail ré ḡo Connaḡtaib iḡ ḡo Doire, aḡt ní móirí do m'ear do bí aḡ fearíab u'laḡ ná aḡ Connaḡtaib air. I ḡc'ionn t'irí nó ceat'airí do b'liaḡant'airí bí an "F'oiríḡ Feara" ḡo léirí cuir'ta i ḡceann a céile aige (1631). Do f'ḡr'ioḡ ré f'ór dá leabhairí diaḡa, "Eoḡairí Sḡiaḡ an Aif'mun," aḡur "T'irí b'ioirí-ḡaoir'te an b'áir."

Dála an "F'oiríḡ Feara," t'oirnuḡeann ré ó'n b'f'oirí-ḡoraḡ, iḡ tagann anuair ḡo 1200. Tá ré lán do f'ean-mannairí i n-a mbailiḡt'earí ainmeac'a na o't'reab do t'áinḡ ḡo h'éir'mín, iḡ i n-a ḡcuir'tearí le céile na héac'ta do bain leo. Tá a b'fuil i b'p'íór' o'e, leir, an'ir'o iḡ an'ir'ú' m'úcta le ainmeac'airí t'aoir'eac iḡ f'laic iḡ a ḡc'raoḡ ḡeimealac. Níoirí ceap Seacmúin aon n'ir'ó ó n-a m'eaḡairí féin; ḡac a o't'uḡann ré o'úinn—na f'ḡéal'ta, na heac't'airíoe, na ḡabál'tairí na héac'ta air m'uirí iḡ air t'irí—fuairí ré iao ḡo léirí i f'ean-leabhairí do bí f'á m'ear aḡ ollainnairí iḡ f'áir'íob. Ní m'anne ré aḡt iao do c'ur le céile iḡ o'ao'ntuḡad. Dá mbead ré aḡ aic-

a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight, to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa" it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the Tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself, what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea,—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having

ῥημίοναὶ na neiteaō rin i noiu, aḡur a aigheao lán to léigeanh na haimeire peo, ní'le deaimao ná go gcuirfeao ré a lán oíob i leat-taoib, to bñig ná baimeann riao le fíri-feançar. Aēt to rēmíob ré an “Foirur Feara” tá geall le trí céao bliaoan ó foin, aḡur ní hionghao ná maib an oimeao rain amhair i taoib fíunne na n-éaēt ro an triát rain. Aḡur ir mar an gcéao na aá an ῥgeal aḡ tíoirtaib eile. Tá-a lán éaēt ir eaētia i feançar na Rōma to émeo na Rōmānaiḡ go hiomlán i n-aimeiri bñigil ir Oibio — ná fuil ionnta aēt úir-ῥgealta na bñleaō. Ar an nór gcéao na ní géilleann aon ῥgoláime anoir o'éaētaib hēngirt ir hoira aḡur oá leitéioirib o'éaētiairib i feançar na bñeatane.

Aēt 'n-a oiaō rin, ní ceairt a deaimao go mbíonn bunaoar fíunne mī na ῥgealtaib peo to ḡnát. Níoi cúm na fíliōe ῥgeal ar oúir ḡan dealliam éigin to beit air — *nec fingunt omnia Cretæ* — cioō go gcuirteair leir i mūt na mbliaoan, i otrieo ná haiteoōaíōe é fá oēimeao. B'ole an bail ar tíri ná beíō úir-ῥgealta o'o'n traḡar rain cñuinnigēte ir mearḡta trío a cuio feançar. Ba cōmarita é ná maib fíle ná fáíō le rinfeairib i mearḡ a oaoimeao, ir nári móri aca a cáil ná a ḡlóiri.

Ir álainn an oíon-bñollaō a cuimeann Seātíun le n-a “Foirur Feara.” O teaēt an oaria hēnñí anall cūḡainn ir mōime, níoi ḡab roir ná ruaimnear na huḡoairi Saḡrannaiḡ aēt aḡ cuiríor bñéaḡa ir ῥgealta

his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote “*The Forus Feasa*” almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. “The Cretans even do not invent all they say,”—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognize it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his “*Forus Feasa*.” From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies

αιτίρε αρι αρι νούττάρ. Σιορριοιρ οε Βαρρια, Στανιχυιρτ, Camoen, Hannei, ιρ αν τρεαδ ραιν uile—ní μαιβ uatá aót ριnn το cúρ fá cóir αρι τούιρ, ιρ ó τειρ ριν ορίτα, ριnn το μαρλυζαδ ι ρτάρτταιβ ραλλρα. Αζυρ ται έιρ αρι βρεαριανν το βαιντ οίνν, βα βρέαζυιζε ιρ βα ται-
 ραιρμιζε το βίοδαρ 'νά ριαν. Το túg Seačrúin ρύττα 'ραν
 οίον-βιολλαc le ρυνneam ιρ le ρειρζ. Το ρτοιλ ρέ αρ
 α céile αν ράιμέιρ μαρλυιζτέαc το cúρ αν Βαρριαc 'n-a
 leaδaρ, níοι ράζ ρέ ριnn το Στανιχυιρτ ζαν ρέαδαδ,
 ιρ τριom έ τυρριαινζ α λάιμε αρι Camoen ιρ αρι Spenrei.
 Ζο veim ιρ γεall le ζαιρζιόεαc móρ έιζιn έ — le Com
 Cúlaimn nó Aicill — α cúρ αιρμ ζλέαρτα 'n-a λάιμ,
 έαδαc ρλάτα ó mulla cinn ζο τριοιζτίb αιρ, ιρ έ αζ
 ζαβáιλ le οίοζριαιρ ιρ le οian-φειρζ αρι na οαοιμβ beαζa
 ρο το οεαριβυιζ έίτεαc ι ζκοιμβ a ούττάρ, ιρ το μαρ-
 λυιζ α μιunnτεαρ. Οά mbeaδ ρέ αρι μαριτεαν ι νοιυ,
 cάδαρφαδ ρέ ραοδαρ βατα οορ na ρεανcαιόιβ ατά ανοιρ
 ρά móρ-μεαρ, αρι ρριουοε ιρ αρι Mac AmLaoin, ιρ αρι
 Hume.

Αοειρ ρέ 'n-a οίον-βιολλαc :—

“Ní'λ ρταιρθε οά ρζιόβανν αρι Έιρυνn na c αζ ιαριαιό
 locta αζυρ τοιβείμε το cάβαιρτ το ρεαν-ζαλλαιβ αζυρ
 το ζαεόεαλαιβ βίο; βίοδ α ριαόuιρε ριν αρι αν τειρτ
 το βειρ Cambrienριρ, Spenrei, Στανιχυιρτ, Hannei,
 Camoen, Βαριcιό, Moρρπον, Oaβιρ, Campion, αζυρ ζαc
 nuad-ζall eile οά ρζιόβανν uιrτε ó ροιν αμαc, ιοnnυρ
 ζυριabé nóρ beαζna c αν ρρionpollaím το ζνίο αζ
 ρζιόβαδ αρι Έιρeanna cαιβ . . . ιρ έ το ζνίο
 cρiomaδ αρι βέαρταιβ ρο-οαοιμεαδ αζυρ cailleac mbeαζ
 n-uιρ-ίρεαλ αρι οταβαιρτ μαίτ-ζνίοιn na n-uαρal ι νοεαρι-

about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hammer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia*, with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits, heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia* :—

“There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hammer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting

mao, agus an méir a baineas iur na sean-ḡaeḡealaib do bí as áitiuḡaḡ an oileáin reo ma nḡabáltair na sean-ḡaill,” 7c.

Iur mairc a ḡoirtear an heireosoir ḡaeḡealaḡ ar ḡeaḡrúin, agus iur deimhin ḡur móir a bfuil do cor-maireaḡt eatorḡa aiaon. Tá caint ḡeaḡrúin deas, rimpliḡe, milir-bmaḡmaḡ, mar caint “Aḡar an tSean-ḡair.” Séanaio aiaon baḡt-ḡocail, neam-bmíḡḡmaia, neam-ḡairḡmeamla, aḡt ’n-a n-ionas aḡa fainneam iur taḡas i nḡaḡ líne dá rḡáirḡaib. Cuirio aiaon iur aḡ na húir-ḡḡealta baineas le n-a oḡir, ḡan amiair do ḡur ar a bḡirinne. B’ḡ heireosoir an ḡeas rḡáirḡe do ḡur seanḡar na ḡrḡḡeas i n-eaḡar iur i ḡcunneas, agus ciḡ ḡur b’ḡas ’n-a oiaḡ do rḡmíob rḡ, b’ḡ Céitinn an ḡeas seanḡaḡe o’ḡmḡḡ iur do ḡeairḡḡ i rlaḡt, iur i n-eaḡar seanḡar na nḡaeḡeal. Do bain na riliḡe — na ḡrḡḡḡ iur na Románaḡ — a lán ar rḡáirḡaib heireosoir, agus ’ḡan ḡcuma ḡḡeasna ḡus Céitinn mḡbeas a noḡḡam oir na riliḡib ḡaeḡealaḡa, o’asḡaḡan na Raḡaille, do ḡeaḡán Clámaḡ Mac Donnail, iur o’eoḡan Ruaḡ. Aḡt ní rḡicimíḡ oíḡmair i oḡas na rḡirinne, ná rḡairḡ ḡum naḡas a ḡir ar an nḡrḡeasḡ. Bíonn rḡ cuin, rḡair, rḡm i ḡcomnuirḡe i meairḡ rḡaia iur úir-ḡḡeal, *et quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiis*, aḡt ní léiḡḡeas an ḡaeḡealaḡ maanne do ḡeair ná do ḡáil a ḡir le n-a deairḡ-naḡaio.

Obair léiḡeanta, doimhin iur eas “ḡrḡ bíḡr-ḡaḡḡe an báiḡ,” lán do rḡuamḡib oiaḡa iur do maḡḡnam rḡirḡ-

the illustrious actions of the nobility and every thing relating to the old Irish who were the inhabitants of this Island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with

eamail ar an beataio daonna, is ar a crioic. Is ion-
gantaic ar toig re ar sean-uigdaib is ar oibneacuib
na naom, agus is blarta ta an obair ar fao moimne i
leabhair agus i n-alcuib. Act is triom, laimeamail
an caint atá ann ó tuis go veimeo, bioo go bfuil ri
larta ruar annso is annrúo le rgeal beag gneannmair
mair an eactria rain ar “Mac Reccan.”

Obair an-leigeannta i noiaoc is i nóranuib na
heaglaire is eao “Eocair Sgiaic an Airimn.” Ní léir
túinn don uigdar eilec uimear an oimeo rain do tuairmz
ar neitib bamear leir an Airimeann, com beact, com
cinnne rin i leabair da méio. Act 'n-a teannta rain,
ta an caint com simplioe, com gneannta, com binne,
com brioimair rain, gan baoc-foclaib ná mairtib carra
sur fupairte o'aoimneac é leigeano sur i noiu.

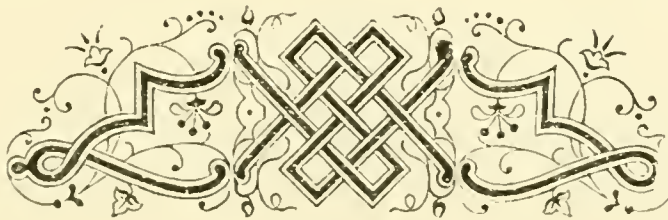
Ó amirir Céitinn anuar nioi rgeioeo a lán do ppor
bunaocac. Do cuimeo atobar eactriaioe le céile
agus rgealta ar gnioimairuib atac, agus ní móir 'n-a
teannta rain. Do luigeaoir na huigdar Gaedealaica
ar mairna do murgailt, is ba mair, aoibinn a gcuio oan
is amirán.



astonishing fullness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church Ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.



ΑΝ Τ-Ο C T M A O H - A Λ Τ.

ΑΝ ΝΑΟΜΙΑΘ ΗΑΟΙS ΤΕΑΣ ΑΣΥS 'Η-Α ΟΙΔΙΘ.

Νί μόρι το ρημίοβαθ το πριόρ ῥαεθεαλας ἰ γκαίτεαμ
 να ναομίαθ haoipe τεας. Βί an opeam ας α παιβ nearit
 é το ρημίοβαθ παοτμας ας αϊτ-ρημίοβαθ leabari lámm-
 ρημίοβτα ἰ η-α παιβ πριόρ ιρ λαοιότε meapzta τριé η-α
 céile. Νί παιβ αςτ φίοι-βεαζάν ας α παιβ nearit an
 ῥαεθεαλς το λέιζεαθ, αςυρ ní παιβ puínn ῥαεθίλζε τά
 éloòbuaλαθ, ἰ οτρεο ná παιβ ponh ari aoimne a éuro
 aimprie το cáiteam zo neam-éoriamail ας ρημίοβαθ
 πριόρι bunaòapaz. Το cuipeaò beazán θapántap le
 céile ιρ μοσαιοθε beaza τά παζap, αςυρ ní'λ a éuilleaò
 le ταιρβεάναθ αςaμh το πριόρ bunaòapac ἰ γκαίτεαμ
 an céaò éaοζaιθ το'η ναομίαθ haoipe τεας. Τυζαοap
 na θαοιne ari παθ, ιοιρ λέιζεaμhτα ιρ neam-λέιζεaμhτα,
 an ῥαεθεαλς ruap éum báip. An beazán ας α παιβ
 eolar éinnτε uipéti, ιρ ο'φέαοφαθ í το ρημίοβαθ zo blapta,
 níοι cuipeaοap líne θι ἰ noiaíθ a céile. Νίοι éumhniž
 aoimne aca ari peančap nó eačtma nó pžéal žpeann-
 mapi το ρημίοβαθ, žan obapi peallpaimnačta το bac.
 Νί παιβ nearit ας na θαοimib a leitéioiθε το λέιζεαθ,
 αςυρ τά bpiž pin níοι b'pu o'aoimne tabaipit púta.

'San am žcéaona, amac, bí lán-tuile το πριόρ bpeáž
 neam-éoitciann ari puibal ἰ meapz na noaoimeaò. Νί
 žan ločt το bí an πριόρ paμ, zo veimh, aςt 'η-α θιαíθ
 pin, το θaimh a lán το cáilib an πριόρι ιρ peápu le pažbáil

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

There was not much Irish prose written during the nineteenth century, or during most of the eighteenth. Those who were able to write it, were busy transcribing manuscripts in which prose and verse were mingled together. Only very few were able to read Irish, and there was not much printing of Irish matter, so that no one was inclined to spend his time fruitlessly in writing original prose. A few "Warrants" were composed, and little things of that kind, but we have nothing further to show in original prose during the first half of the nineteenth century. People in general, the learned as well as the unlearned, gave up Irish as lost. The few who were well versed in it and who could write perfectly, did not compose a line in it. None of them dreamt of writing a history, or a tale, or humorous story, not to speak of a philosophical work. The people were unable to read such things and for that reason it was not worth anyone's while to undertake them.

During the same time, however, there was a great flood of beautiful, splendid prose in circulation amongst the people. That prose was not, indeed, without fault, but at the same time it possessed several of the good qualities of the best prose in the world. Many are the

'ῥαν τοῖαν λειρ. ἵρ ιοῖῶα τεαὶ ἀρι ρυαῖο na ζοῖοῖο
 ι n-a mβίοῦ τάντε οῖῶε ραῶα ζοῖοῖοῦ αζ εῖρτεαὶ ζο
 lionumail le ρζέαλταῖβ ριοννυῖῶεαὶ ιρ le heaὶ-
 μαῖοῖβ τὰ ραζαρ — ρζέαλτα ζῖάῶα ιρ ζαιρζῖῶ, εἶαὶ το
 μυννεαῶαρ αὶαῖζ ἀρι μυρ ιρ ἀρ τίρ, ρζέαλτα κοῖμεαρκαρ
 ιρ ιομπαρζάλα, ρζέαλτα οῖμαῖῶεαὶ ιρ ζεαραν.

Για ἀα, το ρζῖῶῶαὶ ἀρ οὔρ na ρζέαλτα ρο, νό
 ιαο τ'αῖρ, ι οὔρ ζοῖοῖο ζοῖοῖο ζοῖοῖο ἀρ ραο ὁ βέαλ ζο βέαλ,
 ιρ οεαῖβ ζο μαῖβ α λάν οῖῶβ ι μεῶαν na ἡοῖρ ζαῖ
 ταραῖν κοῖ ρλεαῖν, κοῖ μυρ, κοῖ ροῖῶρ, κοῖ
 βῖν, κοῖ ceolῖαρ, κοῖ τατacaὶ λειρ an ἡρῖορ ιρ ρεῖρ
 'ῥαν οτεανζαν ρῖανκαῖζ, αζορ ιρ οεαῖμαῖαὶ ζοῖο
 baῖναὶ α λάν τὰ ηζαῖβαρ οῖῶβ ι μῖτ na mβῖαῶαν le
 neaῖρ ρῖορ-αῖρ. Το μῖοῖο an τ-αῖρ οῖορ ζοῖο
 τὸ α ρζέαλ το ὀεανῖ ροῖῶρ, ρο-οῖο, ζοῖο κοῖο τὸ
 ἀηρ ιρ ἀηρῖο α ἀαλ το ταραῖν, ιρ ρορ beaζ το
 τὰβαιρ το'η λυὶ εῖρτεαὶ, το μῖοῖο ρέ ζοῖο ταιρ
 ὁ εἶαὶ an ρζέῖλ το τὰβαιρ ηαὶ le οέῖν ιρ le ρυν-
 neaῖν, αζορ α μαῖβ τῖαῖζῖῶεαὶ, οῖοῖα an ο'αῖρ
 le οὐλῖρ ιρ le κοῖμαῖοῖβ caῖο, ιρ ῖορ β'οῖοῖο
 ζο βῖαῖαὶ ζαὶ αῖρ οῖορ an ρζέαλ ὁ'η τέ τῖοῖο
 ατῖοῖο beaζῖν εῖοῖ an ηρ ιρ ἀηρῖο, αὶ ζο
 mbeaὶ ρέ ῖορ ρυντε, ῖορ βῖν, ῖορ βῖοῖο.

ῖορ β'annaῖ ρορ ζοῖο β'οῖοῖο neaῖν-κοῖοῖο
 an τ-αῖρ οῖορ ρέῖν, ιρ ζο μαῖβ ρέ λάν-οῖο ιρ na
 cleaῖβ le n-a ζοῖοῖο οεοῖα le ρῖοῖβ οαοῖα, ιρ
 μῖρκαῖτεαρ οῖοῖ ιρ ἀαὶ ι λῖρ coῖο, αζορ ιρ μῖο
 το οῖο ρέ an λυὶ εῖρτεαὶ αζ coῖ le anῖα, νό αζ

houses throughout the country in which crowds were assembled during the long winter nights, listening eagerly to Fenian Tales and to stories of the same kind, stories of love and heroism, exploits performed by giants on land and on sea, stories of conflict and wrestling, stories of magic and of *geasa*.

Whether the stories were written down at the first, or recited so that they passed on from mouth to mouth, it is certain that many of them were, at the middle of the last century, as smooth, as sweet, as clear, as harmonious, as musical, as substantial as the best prose to be found in the French Language, and it is likely that a great deal of their roughness was eliminated in the course of years by constant repetition. The reciter felt that it behoved him to make his story clear and intelligible, that it behoved him here and there to draw his breath and to give a little rest to his hearers, that it would be advantageous for him to deliver the tragic occurrences, in the story with vigour, and to narrate what was pathetic and sad in it with sorrow and signs of emotion, and it was not surprising that each reciter should get the story from him who preceded him somewhat changed here and there, but better constructed, more melodious and more forceful.

Often, too, the reciter himself was an orator of uncommon powers and was fully versed in the artifices by which human eyes are made to pour out tears, and groans and pains are excited in human hearts, and often did he cause his hearers to tremble with fear or to

γολ le buarōiπt le n-a fēacaint, ιr le ruam a žoča. Aγur fōr, to tožao cum aičur ržéalta rimpliōe, ná maib mó-čarta ná to-čuižte, ržéalta žan mópián mion-éac̃ta aγ oul tpiōča. Sžéalta to b'eaō iao to'n tpažar ro: to tožao žairžioeac̃ éižin, ιr to cuipeaō tpié éac̃taib ionžantača é; ιr minic to bioō ré i oteanñtaib éaγa; ιr minic i nolūt-čomearžari le hačac̃ úri-žpiána, nó fá ōmaoiōeac̃t, nó fá žeapa loč to čaoižao, nó bean éižin to bí ari pán to poláčari. Ιr minic to čažao óž-bean upual to bioō i nžpiáō leiγ, cum cabpiuižte leiγ. B'é cpiōč na neiteaō peo žo léiri žuri cuipeaō ari piubal i mearž na noaomeaō bolž mópi ppióir nári buaiōeāō piam ari ari poi léipeac̃t ιr ari binneap. Aomuižteari anoir žo coitčiañn ná puil leičéio piliō-eac̃ta na haimpipe peo ari binneap le pažbáil, ac̃t ιr minic a ōeap̃maõtari žo b̃puil an ppiór 'n-a řližiõ fém̃ čom̃ binn, čom̃ blarta leiγ an b̃piliōeac̃t. Ní'ł am̃piar ná žo b̃puil žolormith ari na hužoap̃aib ιr poi léipe le pažbáil i mbéap̃ila, aγur ná puil ré žan mίlpeac̃t ιr blar. Tá a lán toγ na ržéaltaib to ōtažpiam̃ čom̃ poi léiri le ppiór žolormith, aγur a žcaint i b̃paō nioγ binne ιr nioγ ceol̃maipe ná a čaint rin.

To cuipeaō beažán beaγ toγ na ržéaltaib ari a otiáčtam̃ i žcloō le p̃áopiaỹ ūa laožaipe aγur beažán eile le Oubžlar oe híoe, aγur fēaõpaō an léižteoir̃ a mear fém̃ to čabaiπt ari a poi léipeac̃t ιr ari a mίlpeac̃t.

Ιr fioγ žo veñmin ná puil 'pan up-mópi ac̃t ržéalta aγ iπt i mearž na noaomeaō õtuačac̃, aγur žo b̃puil a lán oiõb̃ ariōb̃éipeac̃ žo leopi. Ac̃t ari uaiπb̃ tá mianač o'inpene b̃piōž̃maip ιr o'poi l̃lpiužao loñmač aγ žabáil tpiōča. Ac̃t cibé méao a ločt mapi ržéaltaib, ιr

cry with grief by his very look and the sound of his voice. And further, there were selected for recital, simple stories which were neither too intricate nor too hard to understand, stories without many episodes, or by-plots running through them. They were stories of this sort: a hero was selected and put through wonderful feats; often he is at the point of death, often in close conflict with a hideous giant, or under the spell of magic, or under *geasa* to drain a lake or to fetch some lady who had strayed. Often a fair young lady who loved him came to help him. It resulted from all these circumstances, that there was put in circulation amongst the people a large repertory of prose which has never been surpassed in clearness and harmony. It is now generally admitted that the poetry of this period is unsurpassed in harmony, but it is often forgotten that the prose is in its own way as harmonious, as perfect as the poetry. There is no doubt that Goldsmith is one of the clearest writers of English, and that he is not without sweetness and propriety. Many of the stories to which we refer are as clear as Goldsmith's prose, and their style far more harmonious and musical than his.

A few of the stories to which I allude were printed by Patrick O'Leary and a few more by Douglas Hyde, and the reader can form his own judgment of their clearness and sweetness.

It is true, indeed, that the greater part of them are only folk tales circulating in country districts, and that many of them are ridiculous enough. But occasionally there is a vein of forceful eloquence and of brilliant description running through them. But whatever fault

riu ias aipe mait do tabairt dóib ar son a foiléiríeacta
 ir a mbinnir.

Níl aon loct ar pór ir meara ná caint mó-mór
 agus na rmuainte ruarac, neim-bhíogmair. Níl an loct
 rain le faǵbáil ar na rǵealtaiḃ reo. Tá an caint
 ir na rmuainte oiríamnac. Anoir ir arís, gan aimir,
 tá rǵaoḃ do bhuaḃraiḃ i n-iair a céile, do méir oirí-
 nóir rean-uǵaríamte gan puinn bhíog ná taḃtaic ionnta.
 Aḃt níl mair na paitiríḃ reo, aḃt fé mair beaḃ cium-
 nuǵaḃ do cairíaríeactaiḃ tuiríeamla do tagann anoir
 ir anuiríḃ mair rruḃ luamneac bíonn aǵ méir-íreac ó
 bhuaḃ rleíbe. Ní mór a bhíil do pór foiléirí, binn,
 mair-bhuaḃraiḃ 'ran mbéaríla. Tá an cuir ir mó de
 tairm, neim-céolmair, do-tuirte. Ní mair rin do'n pór
 fíamneac. Tá a lán de binn, mair, ir com foiléirí leir
 an nǵmair, agus na rmuainte cuiríla i gceann a céile an
 go hóiríurte rlaḃtmair. Níl uairm féir i oiríac na
 haoirí reo cum nuac-pór o'abairíuǵaḃ aḃt rmuainte
 áiríla, neim-cóiríanna do fíaríameac leir an foiléirí-
 eact ir leir an binníar aḃa le ríuríaríla mair oirícar
 aǵann, agus aḃa le faǵbáil go rluiríreac mair na rǵeal-
 taiḃ do cleactaríar ar n-airíreacá ór na ciantaiḃ.

I rruḃ an céirí cearíar do'n naomíac haoirí oéaǵ do
 ríunneac airtíuǵaḃ go gaeóirí ar beaǵán do leab-
 rílaí oiríla ó'n mbéaríla ir ó'n lairí. Níl aimir gair
 b'é an ceann ir feáirí oiríla rí an t-airíuǵaḃ ar
 "Imitatio Chirí," do ríunne an tairíar Oiríall
 na Síirleabáir, tairíall na blíaríla 1822. Ir oirí-
 linn féir go bhíil an obairí reo ar na hairtíurteirí ir
 feáirí do ríunneac ar leabairí A Ceiríar ríam, agus
 ir oiríla tairíla i n-a bhíil féir le faǵbáil. Ba oíearí
 an obairí í, oirí bí a lán do bhuaḃraiḃ ir do mairíirí 'ran

they may have as stories, they deserve much attention for the sake of their clearness and harmony.

There is no greater fault in prose, than bombastic language, with mean, trifling ideas. This fault is not to be found in these stories. The style suits the ideas. Now and then, indeed, there is a host of words marshalled one after the other according to the bad habit of certain old authors, without much force or substance beneath them. But these passages are like a collection of massive rocks that come here and there before a headlong stream, flowing freely from a mountain's brow. There is not much clear, harmonious prose in English. The greater part of English prose is heavy, harsh, and hard to understand. Not so with French prose. Much of it is sweet and harmonious and as clear as the sun, while the thoughts are marshalled in it in due order and propriety. In the beginning of this century, if we wish to bring new prose to maturity, it only remains for us to wed high, noble thoughts to the clearness and harmony that we have inherited for generations, and which are to be found abundantly in the stories our ancestors cherished for ages.

In the course of the first half of the nineteenth century a few pious books were translated into Irish from English and from Latin. Certainly the best of these is the translation of "The Imitation of Christ," which Father Daniel O'Sullivan made about the year 1822. It seems to us that this work is one of the best translations ever made of à Kempis's book, and many are the languages in which it is found. The work was a difficult one, as there were sayings and words in the Latin original that were not to be found in the people's

Λαίριν ná παιβ ι mbéal na nḡaoinead le fada, ιr náir b'fuirirte o'fagbáil ar leabpαιβ.

Ní ceapir túinn deapmap do oéanam ar Seaḡán Mac Éil, Áro-eapboḡ Tuama. Do punne an fear oir-oearic pain airtmuḡad blarta ar an "Pentateuchon," .i., na cúig leabpαιι atá ι b'pior-ḡopaḡ an tSean-Tairbeánad. Ir móir an triuaid náir léig ré o'ua Mórda ιr do Hómer, ιr airtmuḡad do oéanam ar an Sḡrībinn Diaḡa ar fao.

Ní oóig linn ḡuir rḡríoḡad aon p'pór ιr fu o'áipeam ó obair Oomnaill uí Súilleabáin ḡuir cuipead ar bun "Iurleabair na ḡaeóilḡe," ór cionn píce bliadān ó p'oin.

Do punne "Cumann buan-coméadota na ḡaeóilḡe" a lán cum an ḡaeóealḡ do múnad inr na rḡoileannaiβ, aḡuir cum ι do cúir ar aḡad le neapir céad-leabp'ian rimpliḡe. Adt ní παιβ mórian le faḡbáil ar a παιβ p'oin ḡaeóealḡ do rḡríoḡad. Ba oearapir Seaḡán pléimion péin do meallaḡ cum leatanaḡ p'póir do cúir le céile—ciot ḡuir blarta, b'píoḡmair ι a caint.

Do cait Connpaḡ na ḡaeóilḡe topaḡ a paogail aḡ cairmipir ιr aḡ fuirpe le namadaiβ na teanḡan úo, ιr ní παιβ uain aca ar fuirpe p'ior ιr maḡtнам ar obair litp'ḡeadaḡa. Do bí aon p'ean amán, amad, ar fearḡ na haimp'ie p'eo ná παιβ oíomaoim. Tá caint an Adair p'eadapir ua laogap'ie com p'leamain, com milip, com b'píoḡmair ιr tá pí le faḡbáil ι n-aon triat oáir p'eanḡap. Tá p'pór p'oiléir, milip, ḡp'eannta inr na mion-leabp'iaiβ atá cuip'a amad ó n-a lámh, aḡuir ní p'or oó p'ór, ór oeariβ ḡo b'fuil p'uan a b'eil 'pa lán do'n ḡaeóilḡ atá le p'eirp'int ḡad aon tpeaḡtmain inr na páip'éap'iaiβ. Fear aigeanḡad rḡléipead, neim-p'pleaḡad ιr ead an tAdair p'eadapir. Tá aon loḡt amán aḡainn le faḡbáil ar a cúir oibp'ie. Sḡríoḡbann ré iomap'ica le haḡad an

language for a long time back and which it was difficult to get in books.

We must not forget John Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam. That distinguished man made an excellent translation of "The Pentateuch" that is the five first books of the Old Testament. It is a pity that he meddled with Moore or Homer, and did not instead, translate the entire Bible.

We do not think any prose worth referring to was written since Daniel O'Sullivan's work until the *Gaelic Journal* was started more than twenty years ago. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language did a great deal to get Irish taught in the schools, and to forward it by simple elementary books, but not many were to be found who were anxious to write Irish. It was hard to induce even John Fleming to put a page of prose together, although his style was beautiful and forceful.

The Gaelic League spent the beginning of its life struggling and contending with the enemies of that tongue, and its members had not time to sit down and think out literary work. There was one pen, however, which during that time was not idle. Father Peter O'Leary's style is as smooth, as harmonious and as forceful as any to be found at any period of our history. The little books he has produced, contain clear, melodious, beautiful prose. And he is not yet going to desist, as his style is plainly to be seen in much of the Irish that is to be found in the weekly papers. Father Peter is an intellectual, humorous, independent man. We have one fault to find with his work. He writes

aoir foglumta, ir baineann an níó rin an rtiur ir an
taatac ar a cúro ppióir. Tá rúil agamh pul a rgarifam
leir go otabhiao ré obair éigin dúinn ná beir lán do
máirtib carra, ar ion na rgaláimhe, aet obair cuirfeair
átar ir mórtóil ar fíoir-Šaeóilgeoiruib.

Le teaet na nuaó-aoire, amac, táio na rgamail ag
rgarieao. Tá luat léigte na Šaeóilge ag uil i mbieir
agur ir deacair iao do fáram; ní teirdeann gac don
máiméir ríor leo mar ba gnatat tamall ó join. Táio
oibieaca na rean-ugoir go bliaóanteamail ná gcuir
amac, ir cuirir an níó rin rpionnao ar an aor óg cum
a gceimeann do leanamhain. Tá an oimáma Šaeóealac
'nárimear agur glaoaoac air. Tá glaoaoac leir ar ppiór
Šaeóealac 'na páiréarib laeteamla ir reactimain-
eamla, agur ní fuláir do'n aie tugtar anoir do Šaeóilg
mí na rgoileannuib a cúir o'fíacuib ar ugoarib
leabair beacta, brioimáma, milir-bmaetmao do tabairt
uaata. Atá óg-ugoir, leir, ór na crioacuib i n-a bfuil
an Šaeóealg fóir 'n-a tuile, ná oairbeánao réin ó
bliaóain go bliaóain. Ní óeantair dearmao ar ómáio-
eact, leir, mar ir ppiór ómáioeact gur móir ir fíu é,
agur ó ciúinigao an gur Šaeóealac ar an alltóir ir
briónac mar do punneo faillige oi. Le fava mam,
fairíoir! tá an ómáioeact éirianneac ar fao nac móir i
mbéarila, aet le cúpla bliaóan tá atarpuao ag teaet
ar an raoal. Ir féirir anoir ómáio blarta Šaeóealac
do éloirint annro ir annró, agur do méir gac deall-
mam, ní fava beirdeam ag ríteam le méim ómáioeacta i
nŠaeóilg, ioir diaó ir raoalra, ar a mbeir mear ag
an domhan uile, ir náir mirt a cúir i gcomóirar le
hóimáioeact na bfiannac ir na nŠiréigeac.

too much for the use of students, and that circumstance takes the force and virtue out of his prose. We trust before he has done that he will publish some work, such as will not be crammed with cross-idioms for the sake of scholars, but a work such as will be a source of joy and pride to true Irish readers.

At the setting in of the new century the clouds are breaking. The readers of Irish are increasing in number, and it is becoming more difficult to satisfy them. Every rubbish will not content them as was the case some time ago. The works of the older writers are yearly being published and this will inspire the young with enthusiasm to follow in their footsteps. The Irish drama has come amongst us and there is demand for it. There is also demand for Irish prose in the daily and weekly papers, and, further, the attention now paid to Irish in the schools, will constrain writers to produce accurate, substantial, smoothly written works. Youthful authors, too, from those districts where there is yet a flood of Irish, are beginning to put in an appearance from year to year. Oratory, also, is not neglected, for oratory is a very valuable kind of prose, and since the Irish voice was hushed in the pulpit, it has fallen into sad neglect. Alas! the oratory of Ireland has now for a long period been entirely in English. But within the past few years there has come a change on the face of things. One can now hear a splendid Irish speech here and there, and in all likelihood we shall not long have to wait for a school of Irish oratory, both religious and secular, which the world will respect and which will bear comparison with the oratory of France and of Greece.

FOCLÓIR.

(Contractions :—*m.* = masculine; *f.*, feminine; *gs.*, genetive singular; *pl.*, plural, &c.)

acpuinnead, vigorous.

aónaó, *m.*, a lighting up, a kindling; teine aóanta, a kindling fire.

áobair, *m.*, a number, quantity (chiefly used in Munster in this sense);

áobair beag, a small number.

ág, *m.*, prosperity, luck, fate (more usually written áó).

aróbéiread, strange, extraordinary.

amhleair, *m.*, misfortune (*amh* negative); tual air a amhleair, to go on the path of misfortune.

amgeal fóir-coinéadota, *m.*, a guardian angel.

áir, *f.*, a direction, point of the compass, district.

air, *in phrase*, le hair, beside, near. At page 21, line 3, *for* to Dublin, *read* beside Dublin.

airtuigim, I change; hence, change from one language to another, translate.

aicim, I beg, beseech, clamour for.

aitiam, act of persuading or convincing (used with air).

aitair, *m.*, delight.

amhá, however, nevertheless.

amar, *m.*, an attempt (to strike), a hostile attack.

anál, *f.*, a breath, breathing; anál do éirpam, to pause.

anró, *m.*, hardship turmoil.

aoigead, *f.*, abode, lodging, hospitality.

aon-am, *m.*, one and the same time; o'aon am (*pronounced* dé n-am), of set purpose; o'aon gnó is used in a similar sense.

aon-éair, one-man; comrac aoinéir, a duel, a single combat.

aontuigim, I harmonize.

aontuigad, *m.*, a conspiring together, a league.

át, *m.*, a ford; at á éigim le fagbáil air aoife, Aoife is in some way easy to deal with; some kindness remains to her.

atairruigad, *m.*, change, transformation.

atéair, *f.*, act of beseeching.

báir, *f.*, friendship; ní deááir báir a gcom-báirteair; bpuair. the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold.

bainnir, *f.*, a wedding feast.

baot-glóir, *m.*, empty boasting, idle prating.

bargam, I wound, destroy.

bean, *f.*, a woman. In phrase roir fear agus bean, both men and women, bean is not declined.

- beaη éaοιητε, *f.*, a lamenting woman, a professional keener.
 beipm (with ap) signifies I seize hold of ; *also*, I overtake.
 beo-ñulleaō, *m.*, a living ruin.
 bpačaim, I judge, consider, expect.
 bpuğ, *f.*, strength, essence ; oá bpuğ pñ, from the virtue of that, therefore, owing to that.
 bpuğaō-čporōe, *m.*, heart-felt regret.
 buaōac, victorious.
 buaō-řocał, *m.*, an epithet, an adjective,
 buałm, I strike (as with a stick) ; *also*, I strike (across the country),
 with um, I strike upon, meet.
 buan-čōmpac, *m.*, a prolonged quarrel.
 caiopeañ, *m.*, acquaintance, familiarity.
 cáł, *f.*, appearance, quality, characteristic.
 cañt, *f.*, talk ; style, mode of expression.
 capta, entangled, twisted (of style).
 ceann, *m.*, a chief ; ceann uppaō, a general of an army.
 ceapaim, I conceive, plan.
 ceap mağaō, *m.*, a laughing-stock (ceap, a block ; mağaō, ridicule).
 ceaptačt, *f.*, correctness (ceapt, right) ; ceaptačt páōte, propriety of
 words or expression.
 cialłuiğm, I signify.
 cleačtaim, I practise (make a practice or habit of), *and therefore*, I
 habituate myself to.
 cloč-bun, *m.*, a foundation.
 cluñm, I hunt.
 cneaptačt, *f.*, gentleness.
 cočal (cočall) *m.*, *primarily means* a hood, a magic dress ; *and figuratively*,
 enthusiasm for a thing ; cuñ cočal opt řém čuğe pñ, be in earnest
 about that thing ; get enthusiastic over it.
 conñčigčeač, wild, strange, foreign.
 comne, *m.*, a meeting, a reunion.
 com-ōałta, *m.*, one of a family of foster-children, a foster-brother.
 com-ōałtačap, *m.*, fellow-fosterage.
 comğapačt, *f.*, vicinity (com and ġap), i ġcomğapačt oo, in the neigh-
 bourhood of.
 comópta, *m.*, comparison.
 complačt, *m.*, a company, a band of followers.
 comčpomac, *f.*, equal weight, justice.
 cop-éaotpom, light-footed.

copíalact, *f.*, likeness, comparison ; map copíalact, as a representation (of, to).

cpaobp̄gaolim, I explain (cpaob and p̄gaolim, I separate).

cpann, *m.*, a staff, cpann baḡaip, a staff to threaten with.

cpíoptuioeact, *f.*, christianity.

cpoðact, *f.*, valour.

cpoioe-láin, *m.*, the very centre.

cpoinic, *f.*, a record, a chronicle.

cpuaið-œipt, *f.*, a vexed problem, a difficulty.

cunim, I put, place, set ; *with* p̄ior and ain, I describe : cup p̄ior ain m̄aire to ban, describe the beauty of women.

cunianḡraact, *f.*, a limited space, press, closeness, difficulty ; i ḡcoman-ḡraact comēapḡaip, in the press of fight.

cunipa, sweet-scented, fragrant.

cup ip̄teað, interference with, influence over (ain) ; ḡan cup ip̄teað ain le p̄maact, without its being influenced by oppression.

oáil, *f.*, a meeting ; i noáil a céile, meeting one another.

oanna, relating to a human being, human.

oap̄-bp̄uro, *f.*, slavery, bondage.

oáract, bold, fearless ; *more usually* oáractað.

oat̄am̄laact, *f.*, brilliancy, beauty (oat̄, colour), oat̄am̄laact foillp̄ḡcte, brilliancy of description.

oēḡ-aiḡeant̄að, fair-minded.

oēḡ-béap̄, *m.*, a good habit ; *in pl.* polished manners.

oēallp̄am̄að, having the appearance of probability, probable, likely.

oēap̄bunḡim I assert (solemnly, as a witness) ; to oēap̄bunḡ éiteað, who gave false testimony.

oēap̄ḡ-ḡárap̄, *m.*, a barren desert (oēap̄ḡ *is intensive*).

oēap̄pcna, polished, fine, elegant.

oēip̄muioeact, *f.*, a difference (often spelled oēiðbip̄ioeact).

oéin, *in phrase* pá oéin, towards (after verbs of motion).

oiaðact, *f.*, theology.

oioḡp̄aip̄, *f.*, zeal.

oion. *m.*, shelter, cover ; pá oion na p̄p̄eipe, under the cover of the sky, *i.e.*, in the open air.

olút-œomēap̄ḡap̄, *m.*, close combat.

oočain, *f.*, sufficiency ; ḡo bp̄unl̄ oóčain ann, in which there is a sufficiency *or* enough.

op̄áma, *m.*, drama, play.

op̄oð-aiḡneað, *m.*, ill-will,

οποδ-ἐλαοντα, *m. pl.*, evil passions (rarely used in singular, as a substantive).

οποδ-μαίτεαρ, *m.*, used in the positive sense of mischief or misdoing.

οραοιόεαδτ, *f.*, enchantment, magic, spell, wizardry.

ορμμ, the back; *in phrase* οά ορμμ ρμ, for that reason, on that account.

ουβρόναδ, sad, sorrowful.

ούνλ, *f.*, longing, desire; ούνλ εροιόε, a heart-felt longing or aspiration.

ουλ, *m.*, means, opportunity; ζαν ουλ αζ πάριτε βρειε άρ, no child being permitted to handle it.

έαδτ, *m.*, a great or heroic event, an episode.

εαζναδτ, *f.*, wisdom, prudence.

είζιμ, I call out, shout, cry.

είτεαδ, *m.*, a falsehood, perjury.

φάρ, *m.*, a growth; φάρ να хаон οιόε, a mushroom.

φειρτεαρ, *m.*, a banquet.

φιοδμαίρεαδτ, *f.*, rage, cruelty.

φιορδαом, hearty; an epithet of φάιλτε, welcome.

φю, even; *in such phrases as*, φю α φέαδамт, even his look.

φόουζτε, founded, established (on, άρ).

φόζπαδ, *m.*, proclamation, advertisement.

φοιλιζιμ, I display, describe, illustrate.

φοιρβτε, aged, having the effects of age (pronounced φοιρζτε).

φонн, *m.*, desire, liking; нί παιβ ре ο'φонн ορεα, they had no inclination.

φυαо, *in phrase*, άρ φυαо, also, άρ φуо, throughout.

φυαδам, I hate, detest.

φυλмеар, bloody.

φυνнеамал, vigorous.

φυνте, kneaded, hence, worked up, put together (as a poem).

φуйре, contention with (ле), friction, pressure.

φυλάρ, *in phrase* нί φυλάρ оύμн, we must.

ζαβδδ, *m.*, want, need; нίоп ζαβδδ оóиb, they had no need.

ζαιρμμ, I call; *with* άρ, I name.

ζαlán, *m.*, a stone said to have been cast or hurled by giants; a "galán."

ζεал-αδарцад, white-horned.

ζεалл, *m.*, a promise, pledge; *in phrase*, ир ζεалл ле οραοιόεαдт, it is the same as, or, like magic.

ζεар, *f.*, obligation; ζεара were conditions and obligations which must be carried out and discharged under pain of evil, or at best, unpleasant consequences *in case of failure*; бί ре то ζεараиb άρ, he was under obligations or *geasa*.

глеасарө, *m.*, a combatant, fighter.

ζορм-бпуад, *m.*, a green margin.

- ιαππαῖς, *m.*, an attempt ; το ἐγασαοαρ ιαππαῖς, they made an attempt.
 ἰομᾱίγεαῖς, *f.*, imaginativeness, imagery.
 ἰομᾱναῖος, *m.*, a hurler.
 ἰομᾱραμ, I bear ; *with reflex. pronouns* μέ πέμ. &c., I comport myself, I behave.
 ἰομπαρῡαῖς, *f.*, wrestling.
 ἰομυῖαῖς, eager, attentive.
 λατομεᾱναῖς, Latin-like.
 λαοῖαρ, *m.*, heroism.
 λαοῖρα, a band of heroes, *a collective noun* ; λαοῖ, *a single hero*.
 λαραῖαῖς, full of fire, blazing, brilliant.
 λεαυῖς, flagged over (λεαυ, a flagstone), entombed, buried, embedded.
 λεαῖς, *f.*, side, part, direction ; πά λεῖς, aside, apart ; ἀτά πέ λεῖς πέμ πά λεῖς, it stands alone.
 λεαῖς-ταοῖς, *f.*, a side, direction ; ἰ λεαῖς-ταοῖς, aside.
 λέιρ-ῡορ, *f.*, extensive theft, plunder.
 λέιρ-ῡαρε, *f.*, brilliant beauty.
 λέιρ-ῡῖλεαῖς, *m.*, complete destruction.
 λῖομῖς, polished, adorned.
 λονηαῖς, *f.*, a flashing brilliancy.
 λονηαῖς, *m.*, a shining, brilliancy, effulgence.
 λυαῖς, I swing, rock ; ὁά λυαῖς, being rocked.
 μαῖς-ῡομῖαρε, *pl. of* μαῖς-ῡομ, a youthful or boyish exploit.
 μαῖς-ῡομῖαρε, of slow and stately gait.
 μεαοαρ, *m.*, metre (Latin metrum).
 μῖς-ῡομῖαρε, *f.*, offensiveness.
 μῖαρε, *m.*, a vein ; μῖαρε ὁ'ῡομῖαρε ῡομῖαρε, a vein of vigorous eloquence.
 μῖνῖς, I reduce to a fine state, smooth out (*difficulties*), explain.
 μῖο-ῡαῖς, *m.*, unnaturalness.
 μῖο-ῡαρε, bold, audacious, stubborn.
 μῖορε, *f.*, ill-will, malice.
 μον-ῡαῖς, *m.*, an episode in a narrative, a bye-plot.
 μοῖς, *m.*, manner, fashion ; μοῖς φοῖς-ῡομῖαρε, style of description.
 μόρ-ῡομῖαρε, *m.*, a large miscellany (*of stories, &c.*)
 μόρ-ῡομῖαρε, *f.*, great-heartedness.
 μῖνῖαρε, *m.*, friendship.
 μῖαρε, *f.*, act of composing as verses (*literally* act of awakening).
 ῡαῖς, almost.
 ῡαῖς, according to nature, natural.
 ῡαῖς-ῡομῖαρε, unusual, out of the common, exceeding.

neamh-ppleáðac, independent, uncompromising,

neamh-éopamháil, unprofitable.

nuairé-easpar, *m.*, a new or modern setting.

Oílím. I train up, education ; do hoileáð le sgaéac, who were trained up under Seathach.

oiréamnac, suitable, fitting, adopted to.

opáíoeacé, *f.*, oratory.

opáíoeoir, *m.*, an orator.

págánac, non-christian, pagan.

pléir, *m.*, act of struggling against.

ppór, *m.*, prose, a word derived from the Latin, and of well-established use in Irish. Caint rḡurḡa is used in the same sense : it is opposed to what is arranged according to metre.

punn, *m.*, much, *used with negative* ; ní punn, not much, little or nothing (It is an error to take punn as equivalent to *point*, *jot*.)

ráiméir, *f.*, rhapsody rubbish.

réir-bán, *m.*, a level plain.

raióbpeacé, *f.*, richness. neart ir raióbpeacé íomáígeacé, abundance and wealth of imagery,

ranarán, *m.*, a glossary, a vocabulary.

raor, free, liberated ; raor ar Chonchubhar. free from Conchubhar.

ráir-éneartacé, *f.*, great gentleness of spirit.

ráruḡaó, *m.*, excelling, overcoming. níl a ráruḡaó le raḡbáil, they are unsurpassed.

rean-éumne, *m.*, a tradition, reminiscence.

rean-foḡrac, *m.*, an old ruin.

rean-uódar, *m.*, an ancient author.

rgéaluróe, *m.*, a story-teller.

rḡurḡa, loose, unbound. Caint rḡurḡa, prose, as distinguished from verse, which is bound up into lines and verses by metrical laws.

rlacéurḡce. adorned, finished off.

rnáir, *m.*, thread ; rnáir a raogáil, the thread of his life.

ror, *m.*, rest, cessation ; ní ror dóib rór, they are not yet extinct.

rpár, *m.*, a period, limit of time.

rpéireamlacé, *f.*, loveliness.

rpéir, *f.*, heed, care ; ná cuipeann ré rpéir innte, that he heeds her not, is not interested in her.

rtipócam, I surrender, submit.

tám, *f.*, a flock, a spoil, a plunder ; fig., a story of spoil or plunder.

taire, *f.*, rest, quiet ; níor taire o'aoife, Aoife had not rest, did not rest content.

ταρτεαλ, *m.*, journey, visiting, round, circuit; τά α οταρταλ αρ να οαομιβ, they circulate among, *or* are within the reach of the people.

ταρηζαιρεαδτ, *f.*, prophecy; λε νεαρτ ταρηζαιρεαδτα, by the force of prophecy.

τεανντα, *m.*, a prop; 'n-α τεανντα ραμ, propping up that, in addition to that, besides.

τεαρ-αιγνεαδ, *m.*, mental enthusiasm, warmth of soul; *properly* τεαρ αιγνιθ.

τοραδ, *m.*, heed, care, fruit, produce, result.

τραιζιθεαδτ, *f.*, a tragedy.

τρεαρ, *m.*, a battle, a skirmish, the array or ranks of battle.

τρειτεαμιαλ, accomplished, gifted.

τρυαιγιμειλ, *f.*, pathos.

υετ, *m.*, the breast; ι n-υετ αν βαοζαλ, in the breast of danger, against danger.

υμιαλ, *f.*, attention, ken; κυρω ι n-υμιαλ ουμν, they remind us.

υλλιμαδτ, *f.*, readiness.

υρ-θορπευζαδ, *m.*, an eclipse, a darkening over, an obscuring.

υρ-μोर, *m.*, the greater part, the majority; *also written* ρορμोर, and so pronounced in spoken language of Munster; *also sometimes* ρρομोर.

υρραδ, *m.*, a chief; *see* ceann.

At page 72, line 15, *for* βεαλ ατα αν Shionnam, *read* βεαλ ατα Seanais.

NOTE.—In the name of the tract, “Τόζαλ υμυρνε οά οερζα,” *read* τοζαλ; and in page 17, line 20, *read* Destruction *for* Taking.

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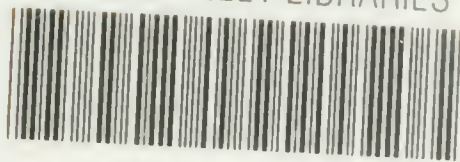
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